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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

NME

BILL NELSON ON ERIK SATIE
BOYS TOWN GANG
KAS PRODUCT THE THING
BRITAIN'S CREEPING CENSORSHIP
AZTEC CAMERA

Still only 35p

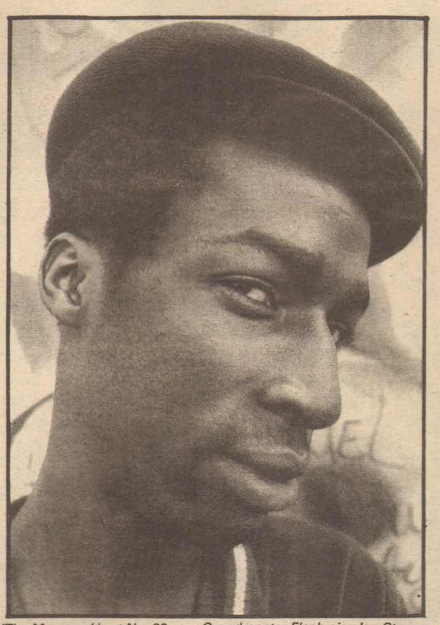
GREGORY ISAACS, CABARET VOLTAIRE
THE WHO, MEAT PUPPETS

THE `SWEETEST BOY'
OR JUST CLEVERER-THAN-THOU?
SCREENING GREEN AND SCRITTI POLITTI
BY CHRIS BOHN

Scritti's Green borrows Gregory Isaac's hat / Photo: Anton Corbijn

UK SINGLES

ONE Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
		EYE OF THE TIGER Survivor (Scotti Brothers)	5	1
2	1	**COME ON EILEEN** Kevin Rowland and Dexys Midnight Runners (Mercury)	7	1
3	5	**WHAT ....** Soft Cell (Some Bizzare/Phonogram)	2	3
4	3	**CAN'T TAKE MY EYES OFF YOU** Boys Town Gang (EMI)	3	3
5	16	**SAVE A PRAYER** ..... Duran Duran (EMI)	2	5
6	17	**HI FIDELITY** ..... The Kids From Fame (RCA)	4	6
7	7	**I EAT CANNIBALS PART I** Toto Coelo (Radial Choice/Virgin)	3	7
8	21	**NOBODY'S FOOL** ..... Haircut 100 (Arista)	2	8
9	4	**FAME** ..... Irene Cara (RSO)	9	1
10	6	**IT STARTED WITH A KISS** Hot Chocolate (RAK)	8	3
11	9	**DON'T GO** ..... Yazoo (Mute)	7	3
12	19	**JOHN WAYNE IS BIG LEGGY** Hayzi Fantayzee (Regard)	4	12
13	(—)	**WALKING ON SUNSHINE** Rockers Revenge (London)	1	13
14	18	**BIG FUN** Kool & The Gang (De Lite/Phonogram)	3	14
15	27	**CHERRY PINK & APPLE BLOSSOM WHITE** Modern Romance (WEA)	2	15
16	(—)	**WHITE BOYS & HEROES** Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	1	16
17	8	**STRANGE LITTLE GIRL** The Stranglers (Liberty)	6	6
18	13	**MY GIRL LOLLIPOP** ..... Bad Manners (Magnet)	6	9
19	(—)	**UNDER THE BOARDWALK** Tom Tom Club (Island)	1	19
20	(—)	**THE MESSAGE.** Grandmaster Flash (Sugarhill)	1	20
21	12	**STOOL PIGEON** Kid Creole & The Coconuts (Island)	6	6
22	10	**THE CLAPPING SONG** .... The Belle Stars (Stiff)	5	10
23	(—)	**CIVE ME YOUR HEART TONIGHT** Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	1	23
24	11	**DRIVING IN MY CAR** ..... Madness (Stiff)	7	2
25	26	**SPREAD A LITTLE HAPPINESS** ..... Sting (A&M)	3	25
26	(—)	**TODAY** ..... Talk Talk (EMI)	1	26
27	22	**18 CARAT LOVE AFFAIR** Associates (Associates)	4	18
28	14	**HURRY HOME** ..... Wavelength (Ariola)	3	14
29	15	**SUMMERTIME** ..... Fun Boy 3 (Chrysalis)	5	15
30	(—)	**GLITTERING PRIZE** ..... Simple Minds (Virgin)	1	30



'The Message' is at No 20 *Grandmaster Flash pic: Joe Stevens*

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
		THE KIDS FROM FAME Various (BBC)	6	1
2	1	**TOO-RYE-AY** Kevin Rowlands & Dexys Midnight Runners (Mercury)	5	1
3	3	**LOVE & DANCE** League Unlimited Orchestra (Virgin)	8	3
4	4	**LEXICON OF LOVE** ..... ABC (Neutron)	10	1
5	5	**TROPICAL GANGSTERS** Kid Creole & The Coconuts (Island)	14	4
6	10	**RIO** ..... Duran Duran (EMI)	15	2
7	8	**COMPLETE MADNESS** ..... Madness (Stiff)	19	1
8	(27)	**EYE OF THE TIGER** ..... Survivor (Scotti Bros)	2	8
9	9	**AVALON** ..... Roxy Music (EG/Polydor)	14	1
10	6	**FAME** ..... Original Soundtrack/Various (RSO)	8	2
11	16	**DONNA SUMMER** Donna Summer (Warner Bros)	5	10
12	11	**TALKING BACK TO THE NIGHT** Steve Winwood (Island)	3	11
13	29	**CAN'T STOP THE CLASSICS** Louis Clark & The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra (K-Tel)	5	13
14	(—)	**THE CAGE** ..... Tygers Of Pan Tang (MCA)	1	14
15	15	**LOVE SONGS** ..... Commodores (K-Tel)	3	11
16	(—)	**THE SINGLES ALBUM** ..... UB40 (Graduate)	1	16
17	14	**ABRACADABRA** The Steve Miller Band (Mercury/Phonogram)	11	4
18	12	**MIRAGE** ..... Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	8	11
19	7	**THE CONCERT IN CENTRAL PARK** Simon & Garfunkel (CBS)	11	7
20	(—)	**CHRIST THE ALBUM** ..... Crass (Crass)	1	20
21	17	**THE JIMI HENDRIX CONCERTS** Jimi Hendrix (CBS)	3	17
22	18	**NON-STOP EROTIC CABARET** Soft Cell (Some Bizzare/Phonogram)	10	4
23	(—)	**ROUGH DIAMONDS** Bad Company (Swan Song)	1	23
24	(—)	**NOW YOU SEE ME** ..... Cliff Richard (EMI)	1	24
25	13	**TUG OF WAR** ..... Paul McCartney (EMI)	18	1
26	(24)	**ASSEMBLAGE** ..... Japan (Hansa)	2	23
27	21	**NIGHT BIRDS** ..... Shakatak (Polydor)	16	6
28	26	**BAT OUT OF HELL** ..... Meat Loaf (Epic)	39	9
29	22	**STILL LIFE (AMERICAN CONCERT)** Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones Records)	13	2
30	23	**PICTURES AT ELEVEN** Robert Plant (Swan Song)	8	5

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(1)	**Don't Go** ..... Yazoo (Mute)
2	(2)	**Asylums In Jerusalem** Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
3	(3)	**Bleed For Me** ..... Dead Kennedys (Statik)
4	(4)	**Warriors** ..... Blitz (No Future)
5	(17)	**So Here I Am** ..... UB40 (Dept Int)
6	(10)	**Leave In Silence** ..... Depeche Mode (Mute)
7	(5)	**Run Like Hell** Peter & The Test Tube Babies (No Future)
8	(6)	**Religious Wars** ... Subhumans (Spider Leg)
9	(7)	**Whatever Is He Like..** Farmers Boys (Back)
10	(11)	**Shelter For The Rich** Disruptors (Radical Change)
11	(15)	**Open Your Eyes** Lords Of The New Church (Illegal)
12	(19)	**Something On My Mind** Pale Fountains (Operation Twilight)
13	(8)	**Past Meets Present/Midnight Slows** Weekend (Rough Trade)
14	(—)	**Mutant Rock** ..... Meteors (WXYZ)
15	(12)	**Night And Day** Everything But The Girl (Cherry Red)
16	(9)	**Rising From The Dread** UK Decay (Corpus Christi)
17	(16)	**17 Years Of Hell** ..... Partizans (No Future)
18	(27)	**I Melt With You** ..... Modern English (4AD)
19	(21)	**IEYA** ..... Toyah (Safari)
20	(13)	**Bela Lugosi's Dead** Bauhaus (Small Wonder)
21	(—)	**Sick Boy** ..... GBH (Clay)
22	(23)	**Who's The Enemy** ... Amoebics (Spiderleg)
23	(25)	**Religious As Hell (EP)** March Violets (Merciful Release)
24	(29)	**Love At First Sight** The Gist (Rough Trade)
25	(30)	**Temptation** ..... New Order (Factory)
26	(30)	**Fuck The World** Chaotic Discord (Riot City)
27	(18)	**House That Man Built** ..... Conflict (Crass)
28	(—)	**Procession** ..... Nico (1-2)
29	(—)	**Suicide Bag (EP)** ..... Action Pact (Fallout)
30	(24)	**Don't Feed Us** ... Ikon AD (Radical Change)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(3)	**Christ — The Album** ..... Crass (Crass)
2	(4)	**City Baby Attacked By Rats** ..... GBH (Clay)
3	(1)	**Junkyard** ..... Birthday Party (4AD)
4	(—)	**Upstairs At Eric's** ..... Yazoo (Mute)
5	(2)	**Garlands** ..... Cocteau Twins (4AD)
6	(18)	**Singles Album** ..... UB40 (Graduate)
7	(11)	**Punk'n'Disorderly Vol. 2** Various (Anagram)
8	(5)	**Lords Of The New Church** Lords Of The New Church (Illegal)
9	(7)	**We Are The League** ... A N League (WXYZ)
10	(8)	**2 × 45** ..... Cabaret Voltaire (Rough Trade)
11	(13)	**In The Flat Field** ..... Bauhaus (4AD)
12	(10)	**Live At The Roundhouse** Pink Fairies (Ace)
13	(14)	**Soweto** ..... Various (Rough Trade)
14	(26)	**Hi Yo Silver Away** Lone Ranger (Greensleeves)
15	(22)	**The Changeling** ..... Toyah (Safari)
16	(21)	**Degenerates** ..... Passage (Cherry Red)
17	(6)	**Skidip** ..... Eek A Mouse (Greensleeves)
18	(9)	**Thermo Nuclear Sweat** Defunkt (Hannibal)
19	(12)	**4th Drawer Down** Associates (Situation 2)
20	(16)	**Drumming The Beating Heart** Eyeless In Gaza (Cherry Red)
21	(—)	**A Distant Shore** Tracey Thorn (Cherry Red)
22	(—)	**Sense And Sensuality** ... Au Pairs (Kamera)
23	(27)	**Punk'n'Disorderly** ..... Various (Abstract)
24	(25)	**Greatest Hits.** Blue Orchids (Rough Trade)
25	(—)	**After The Snow** ..... Modern English (4AD)
26	(17)	**Movement** ..... New Order (Factory)
27	(24)	**Two Bad DJ** ..... Gen Saint & Clint Eastwood (Greensleeves)
28	(30)	**Rhythm Collision** ..... Ruts DC (Bohemian)
29	(15)	**Hear Nothing See Nothing** Discharge (Clay)
30	(20)	**Tench** ..... Shriekback (Y)

Compiled by NME from a nationwide survey of independent record retailers.

REGGAE SINGLES

1 **Crying In The Ghetto** .... Kutchie (Western)
2 **I Love The Way** ..... Tonals (Faithful Few)
3 **Mr Babylon** Robert French (Black Solidarity)
4 **Hog & Goat** ..... Don Carlos (J&J)
5 **Food For Thought** ..... Tamlins (Taxi)
6 **Chant It To The Rhythm** Edi Fitzroy (Musical Ambassador)
7 **Highty Tighty** ..... The Itals (Western)
8 **Dice Cup** ..... Don Carlos (J&J)
9 **Reality** Culture Roots (Culture Roots Up Front)
10 **Ain't Got No Money** Natural Roots (Fasim)
11 **Black Romeo** ..... Derrick Screechy (Al Jr)
12 **Problem Is A Cry** Robert French (Black Solidarity)
13 **You Must** ..... Joe Higgs (Gorgon)
14 **I Am Coming Home** Glenroy Grant & Anita Roberts (Blackbird)
15 **Shank I Sheck** ..... Bobby Ellis (High Note)

LPs

1 **Shank I Sheck** ..... Various Artists (Tad's)
2 **Morning Glory** Lacksley Castell (Negus Roots)
3 **Farover** ..... Burning Spear (EMI)
4 **Boby Babylon** Freddie McGregor (Studio 1)
5 **Loving You** ..... Phil Fraser (Silver Camel)

Compiled by OBSERVER STATION

US SINGLES

1 (13) **Eye Of The Tiger** ..... Survivor (Epic)
2 (2) **Hurts So Good** ..... John Cougar (Polygram)
3 (3) **Abracadabra** ..... Steve Miller Band (Capitol)
4 (4) **Hold Me** ..... Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)
5 (5) **Hard To Say I'm Sorry** Chicago (Warner Bros)
6 (6) **Even The Nights Are Better** Air Supply (Arista)
7 (7) **Keep The Fire Burnin'** REO Speedwagon (Epic)
8 (8) **Vacation** ..... The Go Go's (A&M)
9 (9) **Wasted On The Way** Crosby, Stills & Nash (Atlantic)
10 (10) **Take It Away** ..... Paul McCartney (Atlantic)

US LPs

1 (1) **Mirage** ..... Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)
2 (2) **Eye of the Tiger** ..... Survivor (Epic)
3 (4) **American Fool** ..... John Cougar (Polygram)
4 (3) **Asia** ..... Asia (Warner Bros)
5 (5) **Pictures At Eleven** ..... Robert Plant (Atlantic)
6 (6) **Abracadabra** ..... Steve Miller Band (Capitol)
7 (7) **Good Trouble** ..... REO Speedwagon (Epic)
8 (8) **Daylight Again** Crosby Stills & Nash (Atlantic)
9 (9) **Vacation** ..... The Go Go's (A&M)
10 (10) **Three Sides Lvie** ..... Genesis (Atlantic)

Courtesy Billboard

CANADA

1 **Eye Of The Tiger** ..... Survivor (Scotti Brothers)
2 **Abracadabra** ..... Steve Miller Band (Capitol)
3 **Eyes Of A Stranger** ..... Payolas (EMI)
4 **Hold Me** ..... Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)
5 **Keep The Fire Burning** .. REO Speedwagon (Epic)
6 **Your Daddy Don't Know** ..... Toronto (A&M)
7 **Hurts So Good** ..... John Cougar (Riva)
8 **Hard To Say I'm Sorry** ..... Chicago (CBS)
9 **Even The Nights Are Better** Air Supply (Big Time)
10 **Enough Is Enough** ..... April Wine (Capitol)

Courtesy *CBS/Billboard*

FIVE YEARS AGO

1 **Magic Fly** ..... Space (Pye)
2 **Way Down** ..... Elvis Presley (RCA)
3 **Float On** ..... The Floaters (ABC)
4 **Oxygene** ..... Jean Michel Jarre (Polydor)
5 **Deep Down Inside** ..... Donna Summer (GTO)
6 **Nights On Broadway** ..... Candi Staton (Warner Bros)
7 **You Got What It Takes** ..... Showaddywaddy (Arista)
8 **Silver Lady** ..... David Soul (Private Stock)
9 **Nobody Does It Better** ..... Carly Simon (Elektra)
10 **Telephone Man** ..... Meri Wilson (Pye)

TEN YEARS AGO

1 **You Wear It Well** ..... Rod Stewart (Mercury)
2 **Mama We're All Crazee Now** ..... Slade (Polydor)
3 **Standing In The Road** ..... Blackfoot Sue (Jam)
4 **All The Young Dudes** ..... Mott The Hoople (CBS)
5 **It's Four In The Morning** ..... Faron Young (Mercury)
6 **School's Out** ..... Alice Cooper (Warner Brothers)
7 **Layla** ..... Derek & The Dominoes (Polydor)
8 **Silver Machine** ..... Hawkwind (United Artists)
9 **Sugar Me** ..... Lynsey De Paul (MAM)
10 **I Get The Sweetest Feeling** ..... Jackie Wilson

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1 **The Last Waltz** ..... Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
2 **San Francisco** ..... Scott McKenzie (CBS)
3 **I'll Never Fall In Love Again** ..... Tom Jones (Decca)
4 **We Love You** ..... Rolling Stones (Decca)
5 **Excerpt From A Teenage Opera** ..... Keith West (Parlophone)
6 **Even The Bad Times Are Good** ..... Tremeloes (CBS)
7 **The House That Jack Built** ..... Alan Price Set (Decca)
8 **I Was Made To Love Her** ..... Stevie Wonder (Tamla Motown)
9 **Just Loving You** ..... Anita Harris (CBS)
10 **Heroes And Villains** ..... Beach Boys (Capitol)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1 **I Remember You** ..... Frank Ifield (Columbia)
2 **Roses Are Red** ..... Ronnie Carroll (Phillips)
3 **Things** ..... Bobby Darin (London)
4 **Speedy Gonzales** ..... Pat Boone (London)
5 **Sealed With A Kiss** ..... Brian Hyland (HMV)
6 **She's Not You** ..... Elvis Presley (RCA)
7 **Breaking Up Is Hard To Do** ..... Neil Sedaka (RCA)
8 **Guitar Tango** ..... Shadows (Columbia)
9 **It'll Be Me** ..... Cliff Richard (Columbia)
10 **Once Upon A Dream** ..... Billy Fury (Decca)

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

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EXCLUSIVE

THE DAMNED, who play the Futurama IV Festival on September 12, are to set off on a full UK tour shortly.

Though no venues have been officially announced as yet, *NME* understands that gigs at Reading Top Rank Suite (October 3), Portsmouth Guildhall (5), Cardiff Top Rank (10) and London Hammersmith Odeon (11) are near-certs.

Meanwhile Captain Sensible releases his first solo album 'Women And Captains First' through A&M Records on September 3. Among the 13 tracks on the album — which features the good Cap'n sharing a lifeboat with Maggie Thatcher and The Queen on the sleeve — are 'Happy Talk' and the current hit 'Wot'.

Back at Futurama, Ideal, the German band have pulled out. But there is some good news for punters in that promoter John Keenan has obtained permission to use a sports hall as a free sleeping site for festival-goers.

Voyage of The Damned

Pic: Al Johnson

Duran do run

DURAN DURAN set out on a 24-date British tour in October, a tour that includes five nights at London's Hammersmith Odeon.

Dates are: Dundee Caird Hall (October 30), Glasgow Apollo (31), Edinburgh Playhouse (November 1), London Hammersmith Odeon (3 and 4), Manchester Apollo (5 and 6), Leicester De Montfort Hall (8), Liverpool Empire (9 and 10), Newcastle City Hall (11 and 12), London Hammersmith Odeon (14, 15, 16), Shepton Mallet Showering Pavilion (18), Brighton Centre (19), Southampton Gaumont (20 and 21), St Austell Cornwall Coliseum (22), Gloucester Leisure Centre (24) and Birmingham Odeon (25, 26, 27).

Tickets are priced £4.50 and £4.00 except for London, where they're set at £4.75 and £4.25, and Shepton Mallett, Brighton, St Austell and Manchester, where all tickets are priced £4.50.

Pick le Beat route

THE BEAT resume touring duties this month with a major trip around Britain.

They have gigs lined up at Belfast Ulster Hall (September 27), Dublin Francis Xavier Hall (28), Brighton Top Rank (October 1), Poole Arts Centre (2), London Hammersmith Palais (3), Manchester Apollo (5), Sheffield Lyceum (6), Newcastle Mayfair (7), Bradford University (9), Glasgow Tiffanys (10), Edinburgh Coasters (12), Keele University (13), Warwick University (14), Lancaster University (15), Cardiff University (17), Chippenham Golddiggers (18), Nottingham University (21) and Canterbury University (22) with a home ground date in Birmingham still to be confirmed.

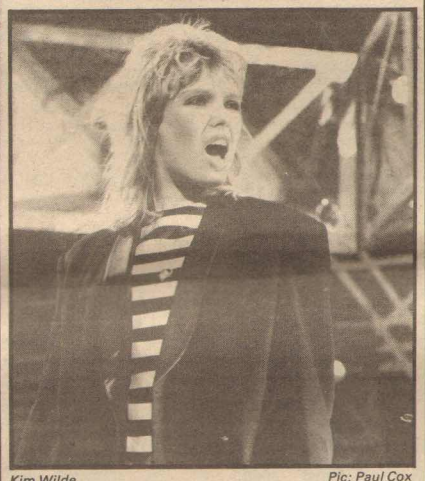
The band, who are now in America, have a single 'Jeanette'/'March Of The Swivelheads' released this Friday.

Tickets for the tour go on sale immediately and it's a one price affair, seats being set at £3.50 at all venues. All university gigs are open to the general public.

Dave Wakeling

Who 'not to quit' — P4

EXCLUSIVE



Kim Wilde Pic: Paul Cox

Wilde fire

KIM WILDE begins a 19-date tour at Bristol Colston Hall on October 5 — marking her first live gigs.

She continues at Wolverhampton Civic (6), Scarborough Futurist (7), Newcastle City Hall (9), Glasgow Apollo (10), Aberdeen Capital (11), Dundee Caird Hall (12), Edinburgh Usher Hall (13), Southport Theatre (15), Sheffield City Hall (16), Manchester Apollo (17), Birmingham Odeon (18), Leicester De Montfort Hall (20), Gloucester Leisure Centre (21), Paignton Festival Theatre (23), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (24), Brighton Dome Theatre (25), and London Dominion (26 and 27).

The tour is being promoted by Mel Bush and tickets at the majority of venues are £5, £4 and £3, though these prices differ at some box offices.

Elton sets record 14 nights at Hammersmith

ELTON JOHN is to get his original band out of cold storage to play 42 UK dates including a 14-night Hammersmith Odeon bash — as exclusively predicted by *NME* way back in February. Explaining his decision to attempt this record-breaking marathon at the West London venue, he told us: "I've played all the huge venues like Earls Court and Wembley in the past but I've always felt happiest doing the Christmas shows at Hammersmith. Anyway it's better for the fans if I play at places where they get the chance to really see and hear me."

Full tour details: page 33.

ICA dials M for music

AN ENO video, shot from his New York hotel bedroom and documenting 24 hours in the life of the city's skyline — with Concorde zooming by and birds dropping like stones — forms part of the 'fun and games' at next week's *Dial M For Music* event at London's ICA. Less ambient will be the arrival of the original Slapp Happy squad — Anthony Moore, Dagmar Krause and Peter Blegvad — who reform for the first time since Tutankhamen. Full rock week line-up: page 33.

KOOL, AU PAIRS TOURS ... ASSOCIATES, KID CREOLE DATES ... BRUCE, GABRIEL LPs ... MORE NEWS P33/4

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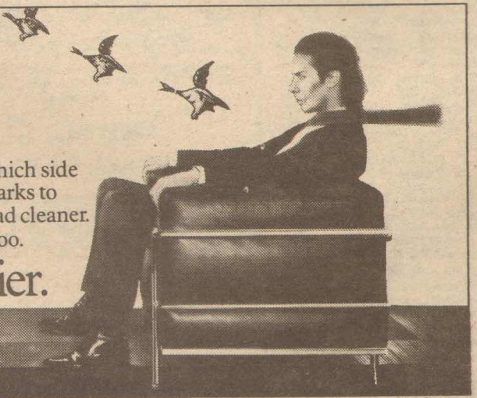

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SHORT SHARP SHOTS

Bill affair

☐ A rare opportunity to see the legendary **William Burroughs**, (above), now 68, occurs in late September when he will be reading extracts from his work in the company of a number of friends and supporters, who collectively call themselves **The Final Academy**. They include **Psychic TV, Cabaret Voltaire, 23 Skidoo, Genesis P Orridge** and **Brion Gysin**. They will all be appearing at the Ritzy Cinema, Brixton, from September 29 to October 2 and there will be films and an exhibition at the B2 Gallery, Wapping Wall, London E1.

Regional events will follow at the Hacienda, Manchester (October 4) and Centre Hotel, Liverpool (5). For details of times and prices call (01) 485-9815.

☐ **Black acappella quintet Fourteen Karat Soul appear in *Sister Suzie Cinema*, a doo-wop opera, which forms part of a double bill at London Hammersmith Riverside Studios on September 8-19. The second half of the programme will be filled by *The Gospel At Colonus*, a modern adaptation of Sophocles' *Oedipus At Colonus*, set in a black American church.**

Black'n Tight

☐ **Toyah, Bad Manners, Dexys Midnight Runners, Haysi Fantayzee, Three Courgettes, Depeche Mode, Toto Coelo, Natasha** and **Shakin' Stevens** are among the acts to be featured on Granada's *Hold Tight* series which first goes out over the ITV network on September 13. Basically a pop quiz show, hosted by **Pauline Black** and **Colin Crispen**, the series was filmed at the £15 million Alton Towers leisure park.

☐ **The Doobie Brothers are the featured artists in a half-hour BBC2 TV *Old Grey Whistle Special* beamed your way on September 7. The concert was recorded last August at Santa Barbara University in California.**

Fun in Keighley

☐ Various indie record companies are setting up a series of showcase nights which are to take place at Gory Details, at the Fun House, Keighley, West Yorks. The first gig takes place next Monday (September 6), when CNT Records of Leeds present **Newtown Neurotics, Three Johns** and **Troops Withdrawn**. On September 13, Bristol's Riot City Records presents **Disorder, Chaos UK, Mayhem** and **Ejected**, following by York's Red Rhino (20) with **Epozez, Darkness And Jive, Red Lorry, Yellow Lorry** and **Nod** and No Future Records of Malvern (27) with **Insane, Red Alert, Blitzkrieg** and **Crash**. In October (4) Rondelet close the series when **The Membranes, Special Duties, The Fits** and one other band, either **Anti Pasti** or **Riot Squad**. Tickets to all shows will be £1.50 and the proceedings will be videoed and later presented on a 90 minute video called 'Live At Gory Details', which will be available at an extremely low price.

'Farewell' tours for next 15 months

Who: business as usual

THE WHO have confirmed that they will not be playing any 1982 UK dates other than the two Birmingham NEC dates on September 10 and 11. But it seems that Roger Daltrey's announcement that these gigs could be the band's last-ever British performances was premature, according to Who manager Bill Curbishley.

Issuing a statement in order to clarify conflicting reports concerning the future of the band, Curbishley said: "The group have felt for some time that they no longer wished to be committed to lengthy or exhausting tours abroad and Roger Daltrey publicly announced in New York last week that his forthcoming tour would be their last in America. It is hoped that the group will be able to say their respective goodbyes in both Europe and the UK during 1983, but the Birmingham concerts will be their only shows in Britain this year."

Curbishley added that The Who would still operate as a recording band and work together in possible film projects.

"It is even feasible that they may return for special concerts or festival options on future occasions. There is envisaged a period of intensive activity for the group over the next 14 or 15 months involving their farewell tours and next album, to which Pete Townshend and John Entwistle intend to devote their composing talents throughout the New Year and record during April.

"Roger Daltrey will be rehearsing and filming for Jonathon Miller's BBC production of *The Beggar's Opera* during this period and will then be free to join the group in the studio."

So for The Who, in Britain at least, it's business as usual during '83. All summertime blues have been temporarily cancelled.

Roy Orbison (left) with manager Wesley Rose. "One of these days, Wes, I'm gonna take you to the cleaners . . ."

Orbison sues manager for $50 million

ROY ORBISON, the 'Big O' who logged nearly a score of Top 20 hits during the '60s including three number ones, is sueing his manager Wesley Rose for a not-so-cool $50 million.

The mismanagement suit, filed in Nashville, claims $25 million in compensation for lost songwriting royalties, excessive foreign administration fees and tour gross commissions, while the other $25 million is logged against 'punitive damages'.

According to Orbison, Rose, one of the most respected businessmen in Nashville and the son of Fred Rose, Hank Williams' co-writer and manager, has been on the make since 1958 when Acuff-Rose publishing — a company operated by Rose and country legend Roy Acuff — first obtained the rights to Orbison's 'Claudette', a song that became an international hit for the Everly Brothers.

Orbison, whose life has been somewhat grief-stricken — his first wife, whose name *was* Claudette, died in a motor-cycle accident and two of his children died in a fire — claims that one contract heavily weighted in Rose's favour was obtained while the singer was 'severely depressed'. It is also claimed that half of certain royalties were never forwarded and that Orbison's current wife Barbara Orbison was misled when signing a 1969 agreement regarding her future interest in copyright renewals.

The suit follows an audit of the Acuff-Rose books, instigated by Orbison last year.

"It's too expensive — and too violent"

Zappa: why I won't play Europe again

IN THE WAKE of the Blondie Euro-tour debacle, Frank Zappa has stated that he will not be playing in Europe anymore as such tours have become not only too expensive but also too violent.

In a recent *Billboard* article he claimed: "Europe's too expensive to play, too expensive to travel around. And with the anti-American sentiment around it is hard to go onstage and do what you do with the emotional freight that is attendant to European attitudes toward American foreign policy.

"I think three people got killed during our last show in Palermo, in Sicily. We were playing in a soccer stadium when, for some unknown reason, the cops started firing tear gas into the crowd. From what I could see from the stage, some of the kids in the audience started shooting back at the cops. I didn't find out about the deaths until later."

Happily for Zappa, he's never been so hot in his homeland where his 'Valley Girl' single, recorded in cahoots with his daughter Moon, has given him his biggest hit in years, while his 'Ship Arriving Too Late To Save A Drowning Witch' album is currently perched at 23 in the US Top 100 album ratings.

Syndicated TV personality Lloyd Thaxton presents gold record to James Brown for million sales of 'Out Of Sight', 1964. Now it's up for auction . . .

Brown gold knocked down

OUT OF SIGHT and obviously out of mind!

A couple of years back, the unredeemed furniture and household goods belonging to the Godfather of Soul James Brown were publicly auctioned off as part of a storage warehouse clearance. To his surprise, the buyer (a Mr Ellefson of Augusta, Georgia) discovered amongst Brown's chattels a total of 10 gold and silver records that had been awarded to Soul Brother number one for selling millions of copies of singles such as 'I Got You (I Feel Good)', 'It's A Man's, Man's Man's World', 'Say It Loud — I'm Black And I'm Proud' and 'Out Of Sight'.

Now these glittering prizes are up for auction — with bids ranging from 100 dollars for a disc to a pledge of $2,200 for the lot coming in.

"I have no real idea of their worth," admitted Ellefson when contacted. "That's why I put an ad in *Goldmine* (a popular US collectors' paper). However, if James Brown himself would like to buy these records back, I'd only be too pleased to come to some arrangement with him. Trouble is, I've never been able to contact him."

Out of sight?

"No, out of the country!"

— ROY CARR

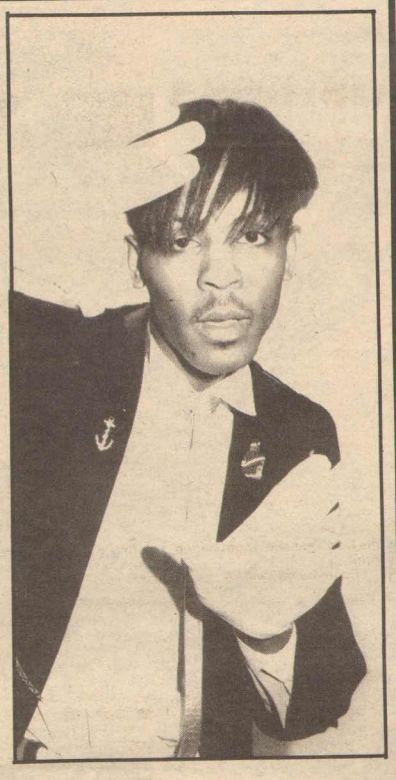
IT'S A MYSTERY!

Play the name game

IT MEANT the photographer dangling from a chandelier to capture the right pose, but this is all part of the *New Musical Express* service to its readers. Now what we are asking you to do is identify the quintet before you and tell us their name. We are offering a record token to the value of a fiver for the first correct answer we finally get around to opening. All we can tell you is there was a right war of the roses twixt this Yorkshire group and one from Lancashire bearing the same name that was finally battled out on *Thank Your Lucky Stars*. No clue at all is that they are *not* The Loving Spoonful. Send your answer including your name and address to: Mystery History, New Musical Express, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG.

portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

JEFFREY DANIEL
of Shalamar



SINGLES (Ballads)
If I Should Love Again.....**Barry Manilow (I'm a ballad addict)**
Even Now..**Barry Manilow (I'm still a ballad addict)**

ALBUMS
Nightbirds..... **Shakatak (Reminds me of Europe)**
Friends.....**Shalamar (Of course! Greatest accomplishment to date)**
The Lexicon Of Love.....**ABC (Great energy, brilliant songwriter)**

SINGLES
Really Saying Something..... **Bananarama (Really cute song, fabulous girls)**
I Want Candy.....**Bow Wow Wow (Annabella!)**
Making Love..... **Roberta Flack (Yet another ballad)**

BOOKS
1984.....**George Orwell**
Catcher In The Rye.....**J. D. Salinger**
Crack Up In Suburbia

FILMS
The Conformist (1969)
Monty Python's Holy Grail (1975)
Gone With The Wind (1939)

CLOTHES
Flip

FOOD
Japanese — Fuji Fish & chips

DRINKS
Perrier water

Mike Oldfield pic: Pennie Smith

HEROES
Jean Sibelius
Captain Kirk
Mac (cartoonist)

SONG
I'm Bored ... The Bonzo Dog Do Da Band

FILM
2001 — A Space Odyssey (1968)

BOOK
The Good Beer Guide

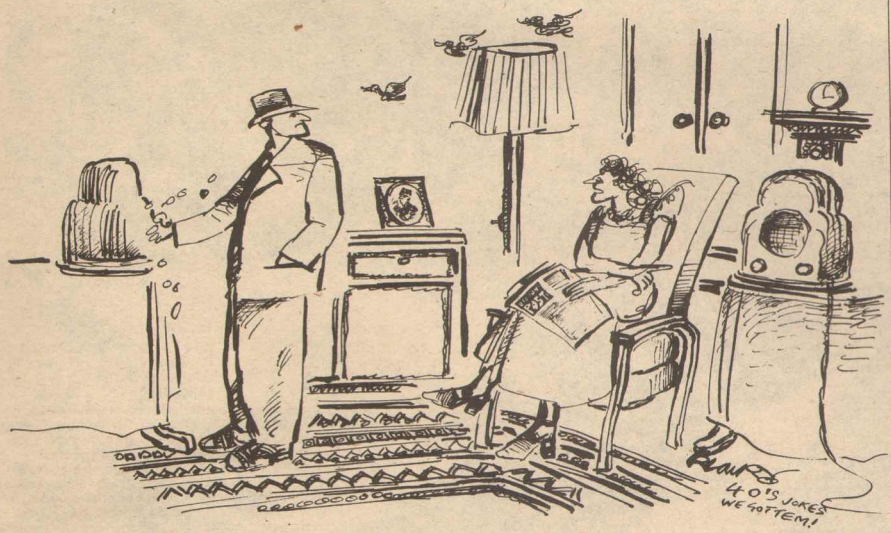
PET HATES
1. NME
2. NME
3. NME
4. NME
5. NME
6. NME

I probably hate your decrepit newspaper more than anything else in the universe.

portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

MIKE OLDFIELD

lowry



"This is the radio, dear. That's a chocolate flavour family-size jelly you're attempting to switch on."

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ON PAGE 45

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RAINBOW
BRUSSELS 27th November
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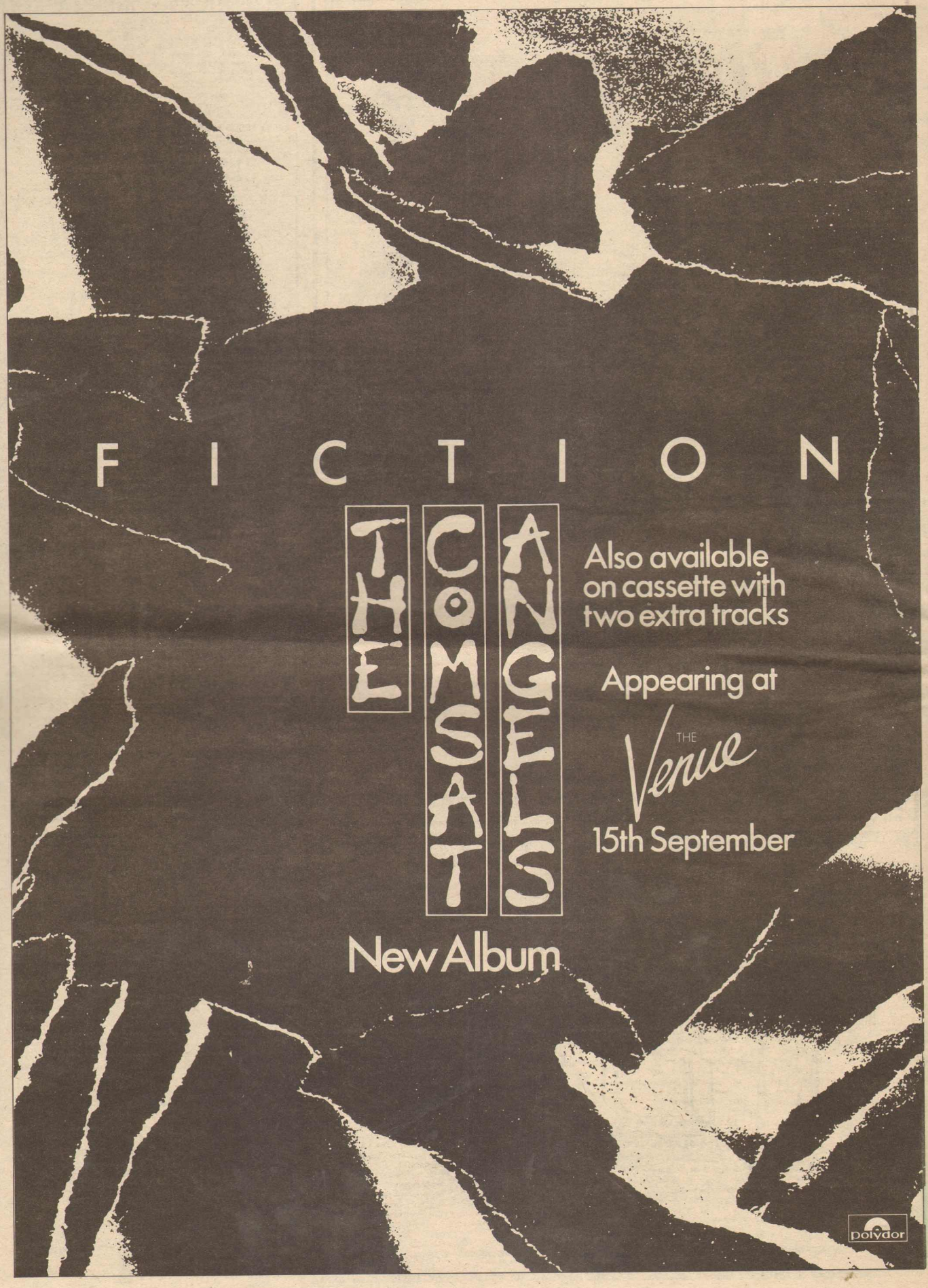
FICTION
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When The Boys Town Gang emerged from the gay clubs of San Francisco, their records boasted such lines as "stuff that big sausage in me" . . . but now, with a worldwide hit on their hands, it seems they have this strange memory block about the past. JAMES T. KIRK tries to take them back to the good old days . . .

CRUISING THE STREETS

The Gang's all here . . . L-R: Tom Morley, Jackson Moore, Bruce Carleton. Pic: Peter Anderson

THE BOYS Town Gang are tired. The usual whistlestop promo tour of PAs, photosessions, *TOTP* recording and froing has left them sprawling and yawning. After the customary mix-up ("Gee, you were supposed to be here at 2.30. Didn't anyone explain to you, oh dear."), I'm wheeled in to perform the last rites as they battle to raise an eyelid to peruse this final inquisitor.

Now, just in case you hadn't noticed, The Boys Town Gang possess certain tenuous connections with the . . . er . . . more forthright sexuality of the gay community.

Named after Boystown, the cruising strips of West Hollywood; releasing an excellent debut album called, directly enough, 'Cruising The Streets', which signed off with some husky-voiced construction worker or biker requesting a fellow leather enthusiast to *"stuff that big sausage in me"*; and featuring a visual line-up complete with two moustachioed denim clones 'muscling in' on a belting vocalist's action . . . well, it was hardly ambivalent.

The original concept of producer Bill Motley in creating a visually and lyrically raunched-up group to reap success in the grass roots home of the then burgeoning disco boom — the gay clubs — seems to have been fulfilled. But The Boys Town Gang are discovering its inherent limitations now that the international charts beckon.

'You're Just Too Good To Be True' is already number one across Europe and rapidly heading to repeat the feat in the UK. The standard bass drum propelled disco-isation of the Andy Williams chestnut has been achieved with some aplomb — strings sawing, horns harping, the regulation synthetic climaxes — and, of course, Jackson Moore is no slouch in the vocal department. That it represents the final outpourings of an exhausted formula does not seem in doubt, though — a fleeting return to the heady 130 BPM excursions of 'Instant Replay' or 'Mighty Real'. Its appearance at the fag-end of disco provokes nostalgia not just for the song — although it *is* another spot on this acned, hackneyed cover version chart — but also for the genre of soaraway amyl nitrate dance euphoria now that heavier, less escapist musics are already demanding attention.

Bruce Carleton, the blondish boy-clone, and the only one eager to chat through his fatigue, readily admits the demise of disco in the States.

"It's certainly not as popular as when we started — even in the gay clubs people haven't been so ready to dance non-stop because there have been scares with nitrate and other stimulants. The atmosphere is definitely cooler."

So where does that leave The Boys Town Gang — lumbered with a cumbersome image and reputation now that the chance for some across-the-board appeal has arisen, and brandishing an admittedly outdated musical form?

Proferring surprise at their questioner's constant reference to the 'gay angle', the utmost effort is made to play down the past: "Sure, we came out of the West Coast gay clubs, but we really want to appeal to everyone — we're gonna start using new costumes, which we've designed, and get away from the denim and leather thing. We're entertainers, not specifically a gay act — though of course we owe a debt to those clubs and we'll always go back to play them."

And the music?

"We've not had much say in the records up to now because it's been entirely Bill Motley's ideas. But on the next album we'll help decide what songs we do, and we'll probably get to play on the record too. We want to do more jazz and ballads — get a more varied sound — not do all disco tracks because even artists like Sylvester aren't enjoying the success they used to."

As The Boys Town Gang rapidly lose the fight against heavy eyelids, I make an excuse and leave. Trudging out into the usual London phew-what-a-scorcher-style rainstorm I ponder which Boys Town Gang I prefer. The old, gritty, funny, ecstatic, pumping-and-jumping party version . . . or this plan of a gleaming, cleansed 'Family Entertainment'?

I go home and play 'Cruising The Streets'.

LYNN HANNA hears Valerie Landsburg put a price on Doris's head

THE KID FROM FAME

"LAST NIGHT it was like all the pressure and the tension just went" — the small girl in the large dark glasses blows a resounding raspberry — "and burst, just like a boil."

Fame does funny things to people. It's put Valerie Landsburg in the back of a black limo on her way to pick up an award for a best-selling record, although she's not sure if it's silver, gold or platinum.

"I leave that to him," she says, nodding towards her press officer. "He tells me where to go, what to wear, when to go to the bathroom. . . I've done so many interviews, I feel like I'm going senile. I keep turning round and going, Hey, have I said that to you before?"

Valerie is better known as Doris — one of those ubiquitous kids from the TV serial *Fame* — the strident class comedienne with a standard golden heart hidden beneath that fiercely ambitious exterior. Right now she's working on a droll double act in the car with a young American companion who she warmly refers to as her "prince".

"Heeee-eeeey, we're in London," marvels the Prince, eyes glued to the human scenery on the sidewalk.

"Didya see something pretty?" counters Doris drily.

It can be a little difficult to separate the feisty TV star from the girl whose small frame is out of sync with her large personality and straight from the shoulder style.

"Yeah, there's a lot of me in her, and a lot of her in me," she says. The real life Valerie also suffers from what she calls "the bird with the broken wing complex. I'm always taking people home and trying to make their lives better for them.

"But you know what happens to a bird with a broken wing," she says, fixing me with a straight stare from behind the sunglasses. "They either get better and then they fly away . . . or they die."

With the film, the television series and the songs saturating every conceivable airwave, it seems as if the country's in the throes of a *Fame* fever that's proving even more contagious than Travolta's *Saturday Night* variety. I tell Valerie that since the series began Britain's Performing Arts courses have been wildly oversubscribed by starry-eyed hopefuls clutching leotards and leg-warmers.

"That's great. It's like when your parents send you to dancing classes, you're going to hate it just because they sent you. But if they see it on TV it's different."

Her own apprenticeship to stardom didn't start until she was 18, after a course of psychology at college and a spell acting as assistant to her producer father.

"There was a lot of pain at times, a *lot*," she says of her own time spent in *Fame*-type training. "It takes you a long time before you realise that you don't have to be tall and thin and look like Cheryl Tiegs to be successful."

Based on a mixed neighbourhood New York high-school whose first floor has been recreated in a Los Angeles studio, *Fame* is built on a time-honoured Hollywood notion of what makes Family

■ *Continues page 12*

Um . . . actually, the gang's all HERE. Val's the gal in the middle. The one with the beard is Professor Shorofsky. The rest you work out for yourself.

SOX

AN OBITUARY?

IF IT CAN be said that the summer of '81 stood for heated cities and hot feet, then the claim that summer '82 stands for cool notes and cool appendages is equally strong.

The gleaming white towelling of Marx & Sparx sox has been superseded by the stark hairiness of angular ankles. Where the Robots marched on airware over the country's clubs, now the espadrille shuffles supreme. Skin is cool and sweat is hot.

A stroll down London's Kings Road last year and you were faced with purity, repose and those damned white ankles. This year feet are dirty and reek of the decadence of the '60s (HIPPIES!). Hard fashion! But why? Why the slip from nylon to nudity, rockabilly to hillbilly? Run around the corner from Robot and you might find the answer at the World's End. . .

White sox were undoubtedly the most prolific example of fashion uniformity on the streets last summer, but the influence of Westwood and Clowes has led to the corruption of revivalist fashions. The espadrille and the Chinese slipper turned out to be perfect accessories to the baggy, pyjama style suits worn by so many local heroes, especially as Westwood's own line in nature trek bootees and wrap around thingies were so exorbitantly priced.

It is surprising to see a sockless youth in the supposedly 'hard' fashions because it contradicts the ethic that equates socklessness with the asexual, even effeminate side of fashion — whereas the 'hard' look has so many chauvinistic, basically macho antecedents and ties.

Still, it'll be interesting to see how hard the people and fashions are, come the biting British winter. Sockless? What do you want? A winter of discontent? Sox haven't died, they're just hibernating in bottom drawers. And red sox? Somebody had better tell the kids (sorry kids, clubbites) that they'll never see the light of day if they keep the Iron Curtain drawn. . .

— BOBBY SOX

Pic: Al Johnson

AZTECS INCA CONTRACT AT LAST

Aztecs: Roddy (left) and Campbell. Camera: David Corio

RODDY AND Campbell. Not a pair of Gorbals axe-murderers. Not a brace of Celtic pixies. Rather, they are the only two survivors from a former Aztec Camera, neglected jewels of the Postcard crown, dewy-eyed poets of poignance, rough-cut politicians of the rigours of romance.

"We're not wimps though. Just romantics. There's a difference," says Roddy, grinning at Campbell, who grins in return. Then the both of them grin across at me. I don't really know what all this grinning's in aid of, but I grin back just the same.

But that's alright because such vaguely shared but never specified understandings are at the root of an Aztec Camera song's appeal. And I'm a sucker for an Aztec Camera song. We get along just fine.

DAVE HILL tracks Aztec Camera from Postcard Records — home of the near-misses — to Rough Trade. Will that worthy label's newly-acquired gloss spell gold for the Aztecs . . . or will the Camera fail to click again?

Aztec Camera made their two absurdly blissful singles for Postcard back in 1980. What they've done since then can adequately be summarised as "sitting around rehearsal studios trying to get a rhythm section together". Now, Roddy and Campbell *have* got a rhythm section together, though it was as recently as May that they sacked a former Haircut drummer because "he was getting too silly and uncooperative."

They've moved from East Kilbride, Glasgow to Acton, London, and they've signed a recording contract with Rough Trade. A bouyant single, 'Pillar To Post', has just been released. We're sitting in a pub on the same block as the Sunday School rehearsal space, where boy wonders Roddy (vocal, guitar) and Campbell (bass), along with Dave Ruffey (drums, The Ruts) and Bernie Clark (keyboards, guitar) are practising diligently, preparing to record their first LP, with the working title 'High Land, Hard Rain'.

When Roddy first tells me this title, I mishear 'High Land' as "highland". Highland? A bit heavy on the Scot associations, don't you think?

"It's gonna have a big tartan sleeve," lies Roddy, "and we'll all be wearing shorts."

"I show you jewels you've seen a thousand times / and then I tell you that those jewels were never mine / so when you're asking me to define that feeling for you / what can I say? / It's there until it goes away."

An extract, that, from the lyric of 'Just Like Gold', the Aztecs' very first 45, a lovely record built from a glorious, aching melody, doused in glistening acoustic guitars; and so exquisitely affecting as to be almost ridiculous. Ridiculous, because of its shameless veneer of adolescent corn. Remarkable, for its evocation of ambiguous feelings both intangible yet so strongly implied you could almost hold them in your hand. Roddy Frame was 16 when he wrote that song.

" 'Just Like Gold' was Single Of The Week or something," smiles Campbell.

"I think it stands up quite well as an independent single. But that's not much of a criteria really," says Roddy. "I think we were maybe *overrated* at the time. Getting to be Single Of The Week and stuff, and people saying it was the best record they'd ever heard. It wasn't that good a record. Saying things like that was stupid. The production was terrible."

For me the second single, 'Mattress Of Wire' (with its echo of the *Family Favourites* radio show theme) almost matched the debut.

"It was rubbish," says Campbell, bluntly.

This unenthusiastic attitude to their early works perhaps indicates the unsatisfactory nature of their relations with Postcard in general. The group's line-up was always unsettled, and, Roddy explains, "we didn't always get on too well with Allan Horne (Postcard entrepreneur) a lot of the time."

I've never met Mr Horne, but he does tend to *read* like the ultra-pushy type. I can imagine him ruffling Roddy and Campbell's shy scepticism.

Campbell: "Well, I suppose you've got to be a bit like that to be a manager. But he's even like that sometimes when there's nothing at stake."

Roddy: "But he was sensible enough to tell us that we shouldn't put any more records out till we'd got ourselves more organised. At the time we were really impatient to put all our stuff out."

Of theoretical hit label Postcard's string of theoretical hit singles, Aztec Camera's strike me in retrospect as those with most conventional hit potential. They shared the ramshackle edge which characterised the Postcard sound (and doubtless sent the listless play-listers of Radio One running for cover), but seemed less oblique than Josef K, and more obviously melodic than Orange Juice. The tunes recalled that undefinable '60s Pop Classic Universal you found also in Costello or The Pretenders.

Roddy and Campbell's scruffy boyishness could possibly have been lodged in that slot now occupied by ickle Nicky Heyward or someone, had they cared for such things. But the Aztecs lacked the gob of Collins and the received mystique of Haig. They were cute, but not important. Roddy and Campbell opted to leave the Glaswegian indie, and since half the band were also Jazzateers, it meant losing them as well.

For Roddy and Campbell, 'Pillar To Post' indicates the rebirth of a group with a producer (John Brand) and a sense of modern polish to add to their previous style.

"We were looking for a Motown or northern soul type sound," says Roddy. "Actually it's funny that people used to rave about a rough sound, and now the same ones have gone right over to the other side of the fence. If the record's not on a major, and produced in a Martin Rushent super studio, they don't want to know."

'Pillar To Post's' drums sound expensive. There are unobtrusive keyboards, and girl backing singers too. Everything is more streamlined. Perhaps this is a new Aztec Camera befitting a new Rough Trade roster.

Roddy: "The new single is just a song that stands out from the set. It's quite commercial, you know. But apart from that one, a lot of the album will be a more freewheeling type thing, if you know what I mean. I've got one song called 'Down The Dip' which is sort of pure acoustic."

If the Postcard singles revealed Roddy as a master of lyrical imagery, he claims the new songs to be "a lot more straightforward. There's a bit more sort of, uh, social statement. There's one line about 'the bourgeois breed'. You know. And 'all you need is greed'. Things like that. But there's gonna be a lot of different things really. There's still a lot of love songs."

About this "social statement" stuff. Word has it that Roddy and Campbell have been going through a bit of a Dylan phase. What's that in the album title — 'High Land, *Hard Rain*'! Perhaps that "freewheeling" adjective was intended as a capital 'F'.

"Ah well, I can see people saying that," opines the new Dylan. "After we'd been through the punk disillusionment thing, I think we were looking for an identity in those things we'd heard in the past. Like yer older brothers with their Bob Dylan and Simon And Garfunkel records. I just think Dylan's lyrics are great. Like 'Mr Tambourine Man' is one of the best lyrics I've ever heard."

In the plethora of contemporary cross-currents, there's one drift where Aztec Camera now seem to fit. One which maybe runs against transience and fad. Maybe one that signifies only a craftsman's conservatism. Are they (and we) growing up, or just growing old? There's a difference. With Aztec Camera we might just find out what it is.

the lone groover benyon

GOD IT MUST HAVE BEEN FUNNY IN TH' SIXTLES.....
... ALL THOSE OL' HIPPIES GOIN' TO INDIA T'LEARN TH' SITAR HA!! — FAR OUT MAN — HA!!!
— SIGH — CHANGE TH' SUBJECT WHERE DID Y'GET YOUR TAN?
AFRICA — OF COURSE — I WAS OVER THERE PICKIN' UP ON DRUM PATTERNS.
FOR YOUR CONCEPT ALBUM ON NIETZSCHE !!!!!
NO-Y' BLOODY FOOL!
..... JULIE LONDON!!

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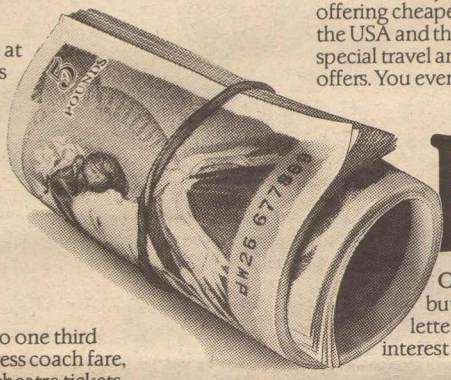

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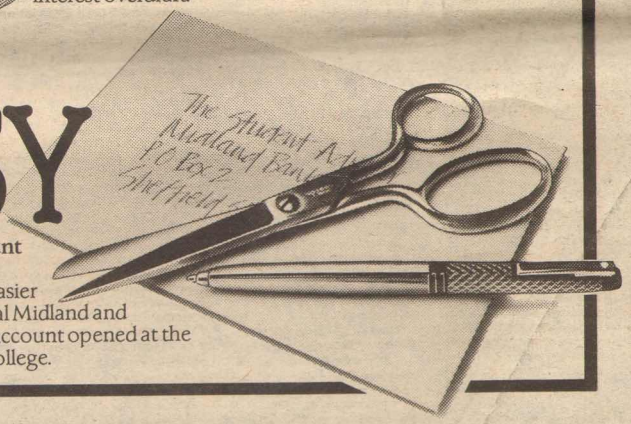

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ARISTA

Recent raids throughout the country have seen the Obscene Publications squad pushing deeper into the grey areas of underground comix, drugs literature and soft porn. ANDREW TYLER investigates . . .

BRITAIN'S CREEPING CENSORSHIP

THIS IS GETTING BEYOND A JOKE

IN A RECENT article, author Michael Moorcock called it "the erosion of liberty". Under Thatcherism, he complained, and particularly in the midst of post-Falklands fever, "strongly authoritarian and conservative elements in our society" are at last being given the long leash they crave and are going to work on easy UK targets — "chiefly black youth but, in general, the area of so-called victimless crime".

The particular affront he highlighted was the prosecution of his own Manchester publishers, Dave Britton and Michael Butterworth.

Having suffered 40 to 50 raids in less than ten years, usually resulting in the destruction of seized material but never a charge, the pair were finally driven to temporary liquidation last year.

The most massive and co-ordinated assault came in October 1980 when two of Britton's shops, plus the offices of his publishing firm — jointly run with Butterworth — were raided. This time Britton came to trial under the Obscene Publications Act. The charge, which took 19 months to reach court, was storing and selling materials likely to deprave and corrupt.

A jury found him guilty. He served almost three weeks of a 28-day sentence before emerging, as Moorcock put it, shorn of hair, one and a half stones lighter and "in a very shaken condition".

His partner Butterworth is also due to come to trial, possibly before magistrates. He believes, perhaps optimistically, that he will receive something less than jail.

The campaign against Britton and Butterworth worries Moorcock not only because his own bread and butter is threatened but because these were not hardcore Soho spivs but publishers and sellers in the almost reputable underground tradition. They published original works of some merit (Heathcote Williams, Paul Abelman, William Burroughs, Harlan Ellison) and generally dealt in radical literature, periodicals, general fiction, SF, American comics, posters, records, badges and similar paraphernalia. They also sold soft core porn, without which the business would have long ago gone down the pan.

Britton and Butterworth became a target for establishment headbutts soon after James Anderton, Manchester's zealous chief constable, come on the job in 1976.

Anderton would have noted that Britton's Orbit Books and then Books Chain Ltd were hangouts for numerous unorthodox youth — or, in the estimation of Butterworth, "the shops were at the very front of whatever street level rock wave was happening".

Butterworth joins Moorcock in sensing "an erosion into personal choice areas. Before," he says, "it was hardcore. Now it's the criminalising of soft core and from there it could go into books or films of literary merit."

In Moorcock's piece, printed in the August 6 issue of *Time Out* (it was done ostensibly for the *Guardian* but they backed out due, he suspects, to a case of jitters), he asked:

"How long will it be before the excellent political bookshop Grass Roots, a stone's throw from Britton's premises, finds itself threatened? This shop carries a large stock of lesbian and homosexual fiction and non-fiction."

The answer was — not very long. Grass Roots, we learn, *has* been raided and deprived of its drug-related books: how to spot, grow, produce, and the dangers and pleasures therein involved.

Britton himself has been raided yet again. One of his shops was liberated of its 'girlie' magazines the very morning he was released from Strangeways. Some of this stock has been returned. Most has been destroyed. The usual pattern.

IT IS accumulative events of this sort that have drained the business of its sap. Now other publishers and distributors of a similar caste might well begin to wonder whether they too are ready to feel the stick.

On July 13 half a dozen members of London's Obscene Publications squad launched themselves upon the Kensal Road offices and warehouse of Knockabout Comics / Hassle Free Press, a business run by Tony Bennett (no relation) and his wife Carol.

The pair turn a living largely on their possession of the UK licensing rights to Gilbert Shelton's *Furry Freak Bros* and *Fat Freddy's Cat* comic strips which survive, and nicely, from the '60s.

The Bennetts also publish their own titles — again mostly comics — and import and distribute direct to 200 stores more comic and book material centring largely on sex, drugs, paranoia and social criticism.

In younger fanzine circles the Bennetts are not infrequently held to be contemptible old hippie buffoons. Yet they remain the only major comic house in the country and offer work to numerous young artists.

The July 13 raid took them utterly by surprise. (They later discovered that the other half of the Obscene squad were simultaneously raiding the Islington headquarters of Airlift Books from whom they took drug-related titles.)

There was a worker called Dave in the Kensal Road Knockabout premises when the Obscene detachment called. Dave reports that he'd just arrived back at the office "when these geezers were walking up the stairs, obviously pigs. They pulled out a card and said, 'Scotland Yard Obscene Publications'. Then we waited around for the warrant to arrive and having phoned our solicitor let them get on with it."

The whole affair, he says, was not in the Gestapo stamping booty style but done with extreme English politeness; an overpowering, disorientating mode that somehow belied the fact that their 'visitors' were removing thousand of copies of more than 100 titles worth about £10,000.

BENNETT BEGAN in business in 1966. He says he can't ever remember a raid of this magnitude "on a bookshop or outlet selling drug related or seditious material or whatever".

He suspects that behind the episode is either a Home Office directive ordering a tightening up or, perhaps, machinations by a right wing MP "with a certain amount of influence". He has someone in mind but is fearful of mentioning his name. The water is that cold.

Superintendent Kruger of the Obscene Publications squad confirms for us that the spur "certainly came from that level", but more than that he was not permitted to say. Papers relating to both Airlift and Knockabout are now before the Director of Public Prosecutions. It is his decision how the affair will proceed.

"If they decide to prosecute," says Bennett, "they'll probably go for a forfeiture in front of magistrates. (This carries no penalty other than the loss of the 'offensive' material.) Another option is a Section 2 indictment under the Obscene Act, which is a jury trial — which we would like because there you've got the 12 people who are loath to convict anybody on what you should or should not read. It's much harder to convince a magistrate that books are OK."

A third DPP alternative is a common law charge in the area of corruption of public morals — but Bennett's prediction is that "we'll get them all back and it'll just be a pain in the arse and we'll then try to sue the police for loss of business."

He fears, however, there could be more vexatious raids. Their intention, he says, "would be to try and stop us doing it, to frighten us off. I think the Obscene Publication squad themselves have no interest one way or the other but there are people who think this sort of thing is eroding the fabric of society or whatever.

"Our impression is that the climate is getting tougher. Where Mary Whitehouse was sort of a lone figure with the Festival of Light, there's a whole lot more people now offering support."

The tendency, typically, is more pronounced in America where, under Reaganism, the Furry Freaks as well as more substantial works have been banned in certain States. Libraries are being forced to curb their intake and in Texas they are having formal book burnings. The situation has so alarmed the Authors' Guild they have called a special congress.

"The British would be a bit more reserved," says Bennett, "but I think the same thing is happening here. We weren't particularly worried about it before the bust but now it falls into place."

THE REALLY worrying aspect, he says, is the arbitrariness. The police, the courts, Customs, all have their own understandings, and none are fixed.

Publishers and booksellers can have material prosecuted on the basis of title alone. Those who bring charges can refuse to read the material if they think it might tend to deprave and corrupt them.

"In this way they have brought to court a title called *Fun In Bed*, which turned out to be a book of games for sick children, and another called *Rape Around Our Coast*, which was about soil erosion . . . and made themselves look very silly, I imagine."

There was also, he claims, a directive circulated by Customs to all officers in all ports saying: even though *Inside Linda Lovelace* has been acquitted in court, it doesn't mean we shouldn't stop it coming into the country.

Bennett has already written to Customs asking whether he might be permitted to bring in a particular title. The answer was "we don't know: try and see". He has contemplated writing to the Obscene branch asking for directions on drug-related books but knows the answer will be the same.

The limits shift according to inconstant public tastes or, more particularly, to the tastes of powerful cliques within the ruling circle.

Bennett, Britton, Butterworth, Airlift, Grass Roots, Anti Nowhere League (whose 'So What' B-side is being prosecuted on September 13 before Bromley magistrates) won't get a clear answer because that would let them off the hook.

As Moorcock told us: "I feel threatened as an individual; in terms of Thatcherism and Falklands glory and all that. I'm not paranoid. I just feel that what was achieved in the '60s in terms of liberalisation, which was basically fuck-all anyway, is coming to be eroded."

He insists the time for complacency is over. Lawyers must wake up to back-door censorship and biased interpretation of law. And the public must wake up to the implications of the new crop of prosecutions.

Hunt Emerson

SHE'S SEEN ME THROUGH SOME ROUGH TIMES. SHIRLEY'S A TRUE SAINT.
THE LORD HAS BLESSED US WITH A LARGE AND LOVING FAMILY.
TWO OF MY GIRLS ARE STUDYING TO BE FOREIGN MISSIONARIES.
WHAT STARTED ME OFF TODAY WAS SEEING THIS ARTICLE ABOUT EVAN IN THE MORNING PAPER. IT SEEMS HE LEFT HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER SOME YEARS BACK.
NOW HE'S PUBLISHING COMIC STRIPS ABOUT 'GAY LIBERATION'...
YES, THAT'S WHAT THEY CALL IT!
THEY PRINTED HIS PHOTOGRAPH AT THE TOP. HE'S AS HANDSOME AS EVER.
HOW DID THE DEVIL EVER GET HOLD OF SUCH A FINE YOUNG MAN?
MY YOUNGEST SON TOM REMINDS ME OF EVAN SOMETIMES. HE'S SPUNKY... CREATIVE... SHOWS SOME DEFINITE DRAWING TALENT...
IF HE EVER TOLD ME HE WAS A QUEER, I... I THINK I'D...
MORNIN' DAD!
OH, LORD — FORGIVE ME FOR THESE THOUGHTS... THESE THOUGHTS...
the end...
Crust

Is this what they want to stamp out? From the Jerry Mack strip by Howard Cruse in Gay Comix No. 2 — part of £10,000 worth of material raided from Knockabout Comix

COMPETITION WINNER

Pic spotted by reader R. Lowry

And the winner of this week's Frankie Vaughan lookalike contest is . . . Sylvester Stallone of Rocky Heights, New Barnet. "Frankie's always been my idol," said a jubilant Syl, 17, "ever since I heard 'Tower Of Strength'." Left: Sylvester, right: Frankie.

FAME

■ From page 7

Entertainment, and rooted in an on-screen tradition of fair play and team spirit, of dewy-eyed optimism, containable heartache and hard times that change into golden opportunities with the happy ending that lurks round each twist of the plot. Even Leroy, the hapless black orphan who lives in a slum and pays his own way through high-school by swilling out the pool hall opposite his high-rise hovel, has a chance to reach the Top by a combination of real talent, true grit and those wise, svelte teachers who wear their pupils' welfare nearest to their hearts.

But if *Fame* panders to a convenient fantasy that all's right with America and by implication the world, as Ms Landsburg points out, it *is* a series made for prime time US television, a medium that's not exactly renowned for provocative viewing. She claims that *Fame* does attempt to introduce serious issues; for instance the next series promises us the tale of a black ballerina whose progress to stardom is unfairly blocked.

Beyond the unashamed sentiment, seductive hi-gloss escapism and pure schmaltz of the story-line, what makes *Fame* so watchable is, of course, the Kids themselves. The song and dance sequences explode out of the rehearsals or horseplay sessions with disarming spontaneity. And the vitality of the choreography is matched by the cast's own sparkling high spirits.

Half way through filming the next 22 episodes, Ms Landsburg would like a holiday, some time to herself, she'd even like to start a family.

But... "It's been nice meeting you," she says, bouncing out of the car for her next appointment, with the cheerful resignation of the true trouper.

Meanwhile, there's the day's personal drama to savour. Arriving at our expensive hotel assignation by bicycle, I had left by chauffered limousine. "You've gone up in the world a bit haven't you?" observed the liveried commissar as he opened the door for me.

That's *Fame* for you.

Now — hear Joseph Beuys quote Elvis!!

The Art racket

FROM NOW until September 19, London's Tate Gallery is hosting an 'Audio Arts' exhibition of sound works by various artists. There will be slide shows and performances, but two main events will form the show's focus.

One is a presentation of the complete published works of the UK's *Audio Arts* cassette magazine. *Audio Arts* has a huge repository of valuable tapes including not just experimental musics of all sorts, but also famous poets and speakers ranging right back to Wyndham Lewis and W B Yeats.

The founder-editor of *Audio Arts*, William Furlong, is also contributing 'Live To Air' — a long sound work compiled from the three to five minute contributions of more than 40 artists. Some of their names will be familiar to *NME* readers: Vito Acconci, Helen Chadwick, David Cunningham, John Carson, David Troostwyk.

Brought over from Manhattan's Ronald Feldman Gallery where it ran as a whole show in itself is 'Revolutions Per Minute (The Art Record)'. This a double LP to which 21 artists have contributed not just sound works but fantasy sleeve designs as well.

'The Art Record' was the brainchild of musician and producer Jeff Gordon, a partner in New York's Greene Street Recording Studios. Gordon approached Feldman, one of Manhattan's most chic yet adventurous gallery owners, with a proposal for an LP on which his gallery's roster of clients could experiment with sound however they liked.

Most of Feldman's clients, including his 'stars' — Chris Burden (Bowie's 'Joe the Lion'), Briton Conrad Atkinson and Joseph Beuys (currently the most marketable fine artist in the world) — signed up . . . as did William Burroughs.

And, from the liner notes by art historian Robin Morgan through its 21 tracks, 'The Art Record' turns out to be an impressively professional and polished achievement. Perhaps surprisingly, it's also one of the most fascinating albums you could hear this year.

There are only three 'songs' of any description on it, and Gordon has aided the musical side on each of these. Conceptual artist Les Levine's C&W tinted vignette 'Would Not Say No To Some Help' concerns the plight of the elderly in our recession-ridden age where the extended family has long since vanished, but its understatement and genre make it witty as well as moving.

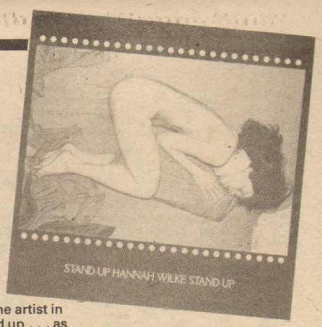
Hannah Wilke's militant, melodic incantation 'Stand Up' is unashamedly sentimental but uses that sentimentality for unexpected punch; as does Thomas Shannon's excitably optimistic 'Smashing Beauty'.

'The Art Record' as a whole, in fact, demonstrates an overriding concern with human dignity which runs as deep as its artists' fascination with beauty. Some tracks, like Conrad Atkinson's 'Louis XIV Deterrent' or Chris Burden's shouted 'Atomic Alphabet', are explicitly pacifistic. Others (Burroughs reading phrases which are weirdly reversed by Piotr Kowalski's 'time machine' or Margaret Harrison's collation of 'First Lines' from female authors) are explicitly political. Only a handful of the 21 offerings prove dull or inane.

And I have the feeling it will take another few spins to stop laughing over David Smith's scoring of Pachelbel's Canon in D for *three typewriters:* a piece where sound metamorphoses from military rhythms to a tap dance to a telex and back again into ranks, conjuring up all sorts of eerie images.

All in all, the ultimate private variety show.

— CYNTHIA ROSE



Right: Hannah Wilkes' theoretical LP sleeve and (in red) Buckminster Fuller's. The LP is on sale at the Tate at £9.20

not only rock and roll

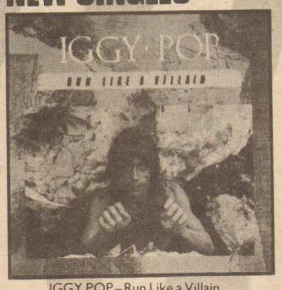
lowry

WHILE MONT HOSTS A 'GOOD-BYE NORMAN GATES' PARTY, THE GOVERNMENT UNVEILS A NEW RECOVERY PLAN.
HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN!
MY LEGS ARE KILLING ME..
THESE ARE THE NEW INDU-STRIES WE'VE DEVELOPED TO REPLACE BRITISH LEYLAND AND BRITISH STEEL..
GAIETY
"The Waiter, the Porter and the Upstairs Maid" is the title. Anyway, they all work hard
BUT THE UNIONS WONT STAND FOR THIS ONE!
OUCH! HEY-YOU TROD ON MY TOES!
SO WHAT? YOU'RE SO SKINNY I COULD HARDLY SEE YOU ANYWAY!
SUPER BOSS!!
MAGGIE DARLING, ARE YOU WET?..
THROUGHOUT THE RECESSION, LEN FELT MISERABLE.. ASHAMED....
NEXT DAY
I'M TIRED OF BEING AN INTELLECTUAL FLEAWEIGHT! MAGGIE SWATCHIE SAYS SHE CAN MAKE A NEW MAN OF ME..
SOON AFTERWARDS
WOW! IT REALLY WORKS. I'M STILL A SKINNY WEED, BUT NOW I'M A DEVIOUS, SCHEMING, SKINNY WEED WITH A PHONEY ACCENT AND A LUST FOR A LIFE PEERAGE...
I BET HE LOOKS FUNNY IN A BATHING SUIT
HE ORDER, I'VE SEEN HIM
TOUCH
YOUTH
HA! HA!

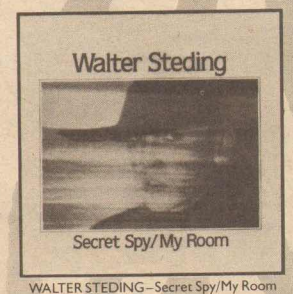
THANKS TO ROY KERRIDGE FOR WHIZZO ARTICLE. I'M CONSIDERING MY REPLY, SQUIRE. MAY HAVE TO DUFF YOU UP.

ANIMAL RECORDS

NEW SINGLES



IGGY POP–Run Like a Villain



WALTER STEDING–Secret Spy/My Room

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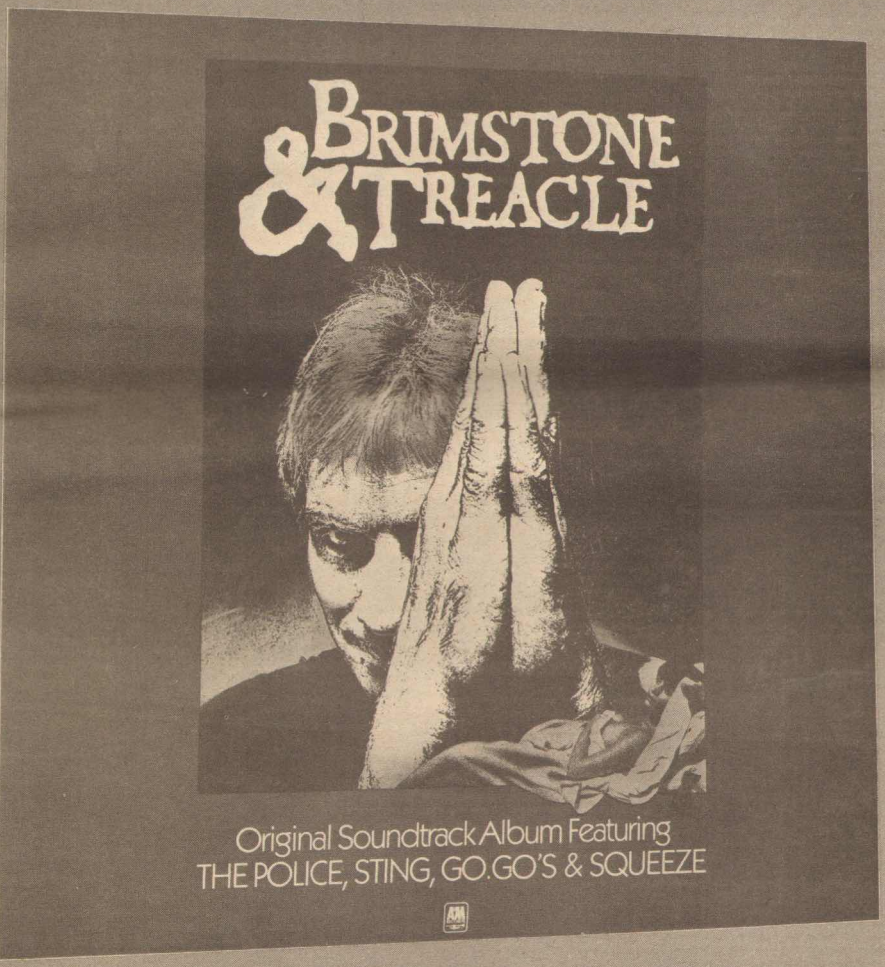
OUT NOW

GUN CLUB–Fire of Love

produced by CHRIS STEIN

The beast goes on.

BRIMSTONE & TREACLE



Sting stars in Brimstone & Treacle a new dramatic film on release from September 9

Featuring 5 Sting solo tracks
3 brand new Police tracks
& cuts from Squeeze & Go Go's
On Album & Cassette

Includes the smash hit single
'Spread A Little Happiness'
OUT NOW

A&M RECORDS

SINGLES

Reviewed by Danny Baker

Pic: Anton Corbijn

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

SHALAMAR: There It Is (Solar)
Far and away the best record this week. Two LPs in the chart and a long succession of 45 hits; I must confess I never saw anything like such a wonderful future for Shalamar when their boss called me in for advice way back in 1978. At that time, with just the, albeit excellent, 'Take That To The Bank' under their sylph like disco belts they appeared but three handy faces to smack on the cover of Leon Sylvers' rhythm tracks — young fresh black America on roller skates — but I'm afraid today they're something altogether more powerful. Their last two, 'I Can Make You Feel Good' and 'Night To Remember', are way up there amongst the best singles of the year and 'There It Is' is digging its way in so violently that I think this will be the kingpin.

Solar, as is endlessly pointed out by the lazier element, stands for Sound Of Los Angeles Records. Five years ago we could have comfortably luxuriated in that joke and the complete lack of threat it encompassed. Then again five years ago Elvis Presley and Brotherhood Of Man dominated our chart. Now we have Shalamar, three very confident black singers from California, selling huge quantities of records to British young people. That statement seems to irk a lot of "caring" rock'n'rollers; well choke on it worryworts 'cos 'There It Is'.

BY FAR & AWAY THE MOST RUNNER UP SINGLE OF THE WEEK

THE JONZUN CREW: Pack Jam (Tommy Boy)
Every week when we do the singles we dispatch one of our fleet of messengers round to the Very Obscure And Quite Possibly Rightly So Funk Imports Shop to see what's up. They return with three terrible records which we have to review. This week someone's not played the game because this was one of the three and it's not terrible at all. The Jonzuns — a witty variation on what, I'll hazard a guess, was Johnson — are on the same label as Afrika Bambata, the group who depressed innocent record players with their crashingly dull 'Planet Rock' record. Suspecting similar electronic draggery I find I'm won over by the precise nonsense of 'Planet Jam'.

You see it appears that one section of black New York has taken receipt of a basic electronics kit and are holding their neighbourhood under its repetitive cosh — I think you'll like it, full of odd vocoded vocals and hot sneaky drumming much funkier than Bambata's shrill hollering. Unfortunately, what lyric I can make out seems to concern itself with the tiresome Pac-Man video game which currently accounts for 100% of all US absenteeism. It's an awful wearying game in which contestants must guess which of three digital space crafts contains a shipment of plastic rainproof coats. Guess right and you win a water-based tattoo — guess wrong and you forfeit a limb of the computer's choice. Doesn't sound much of a game does it? This, conversely, is very much of a record.

DIANA ROSS: Funky Old Rolls (Motown)
Diana Ross used to be a top notch singer. These days she wrestles sound monitors in public in a pit of rasberry jello. By charging £20 a head for this curious display she manages to make ends meet, but I for one was left vaguely unfulfilled when she retired hurt from the bout after just forty minutes at her recent Wembley set-to. Now we see her return to the world of aural music. This song is called 'Funky Old Rolls', a title which the less agile reviewers will immediately crack "motorway cafe" jokes about. In fact the truth is far more risible. 'Funky Old Rolls' sees Diana waxing nostalgic over her "laughed at" beaten up "old car". Imagine the distress that driving such a rickety old banger causes the frankly raspberry stained entertainer in this day and age. "Oh look," passers-by whisper, "there goes Diana Ross. Isn't that her *old* Rolls? My God the bottom must have fallen out of the Raspberry Jello/Sound Monitor Wrestling market". Tunewise the record is a direct cousin of Streisand's 'Second Hand Rose' and everyone who has a copy is advised to meet at the big Oak on Blackheath this coming Tuesday where we shall be building a very righteous bonfire.

PATRICK COWLEY featuring Sylvester: Do You Wanna Funk (London)
Can you imagine anyone in their right mind calling a record 'Do You Wanna Funk' after all we've been through? No, of course not, so we must deduce that the authors of this song are on the run from the mental asylum. Sylvester himself is undoubtedly quite mad. Anyone who's not sure what sex they are *is* mad — that, I'm afraid, is an unshakeable truth. In ancient Rome they worshipped hermaphrodites as Chosen By God and carried them round in sedan chairs from orgy to orgy. Patrick Cowley, I concede, may be just an innocent songwriter — albeit one with a flair for crashingly mundane lyrics — caught up in all of this yet I wonder. Instead of charging around the West End seizing perfectly good copies of *ET* from honest pirates, shouldn't Scotland Yard be "tailing" men like Cowley to see what sort of functions he attends? Who knows, in his garage may lurk an entire fleet of greasy sedan chairs — it's worth a look eh? Anyway, let's be forgiving for a moment, and say this record is a strong hark back to the days of thundering disco and, not surprisingly, is very similar to the babbling computer track used on the perfect 'You Make Me Feel Mighty Real'. It even has a hot drum break and duo-tone cowbells. Actually a worthy attempt at hit making from two madmen.

CULTURE CLUB: Do You Really Want To Hurt Me? (Virgin)
Culture Club astound me. They really are very very good indeed and yet, whilst slop like the pea-brained Haysi Fantayzee are rolling in it, this group reach their third fine record without a sniff of a hit. I recommended the last one 'I'm Afraid Of Me' which, I take it, must've stiffed while I was away in the land of rats and mongeese, Hawaii. 'Do You Really Want To Hurt Me' is similarly endorsed even though it takes the reggae form — light reggae though — and takes a couple of plays to make its shape fully known. Its B-side 'Love Is Gold' has a speed only previously attempted by Robert Palmer singing 'Looking For Clues'. (Fact confirmed by *Guiness Book Of Utah Salt Flat All Comer Rhythm Guitar Speed Attempts; Current Volume*). Both sides are fine, it's out on 12"; I don't see what else a poor group can do. Perhaps it's the spectre of the controversial sedan chair waving Boy George that keeps the public hemming and hawing. True, on the cover here he's pictured doing that clumsy embarrassing dance that our societies 'free-er' children alway feel prone to, that is, elbows out like a chicken and the old arse pushed out *in extremis* waving around in some positive statement to our undoubted African heritage. But they're a talented group; what can I tell you?

THE BEAT: Jeanette (Go Feet)
Poor old Beat, they're having as hard a time coming up with a hit as Darts are. This plain and pleasant jiggery pokery won't do. A light, fast reggae with keen nimble lyrics: *"All set, luncheonette, kitchenette to let/I bet I get hamburgette again/We meet in a launderette and kissed beneath the air jet/No sweat/No threat/Another one in the back of the net."* No really, they fit on record. However, the song's too inconsequential and something's wrong when a group settle for treading water.

TOUCHE: Wrap It Up (Emergency)
RAW SILK: Do I To The Music (West End)
You remember the three imports I told you we like to review each week? Well here's the other two and, good sports that they are, they're both terrible. Well, not gut wrenchingly They-Must-Die terrible, just oh-come-on-do-something terrible. Touche steal the Jonzun's vocoder but all they do — over a tired Al Hudson-type backing — is audibly repeat the same old cliches. I think the least you could do with a vocoder is become inscrutable, but Touche don't, in fact my mate Eddie sounds more distorted in his everyday speech, they could have had him for a score. Raw Silk's perverted 'Do It To The Music' is the unobtrusive, logical calm funk that's always in the funk charts. I believe they get popular through a random process whereby DJs select one current release from a whole boxful of things. Perhaps the DJ chosen to pick this month's winner does it in boxing gloves to make the task a little tougher, and more amusing for onlookers. Something like that.

DAF: Verlieb Dich In Mich (Virgin)
Have you ever heard DAF? No, I hadn't until recently when two burly "aides" bundled me out of bed in the middle of the night and took me blindfold to a secret "Swiss" mountain lair. They strapped me to a table and told me I was to take a crash course in Revolting German Thinking Records at the institute of Big Bad Bohn of Stuttgart. "Karl" & "Heinz" (along with a silent third partner possibly called Rumminigge) played some of the most guttural and lowbrow rubbish I have ever heard in my life. When DAF were placed on the deck I felt that perhaps I wouldn't die after all.

DAF might be tense, taught, strict and logical but the two records of theirs I've heard have been remarkable. Mainly for the drumming; their drummer, a tall shock headed brute called Wolfgang Kugelshreiber, should join Led Zeppelin the instant DAF fragment and go their sinister Teutonic ways. I say that not to be dismissive — the wretched Bonham knew about drumming — but because he would be wasted pottering about in some obscure experimental Deutschland backwater. Currently I can't fault DAF — musically — and, though this single has about as much chance of being a hit as the several I cut on Waterloo Station ten years ago, I think you might risk an ear or two the next time you're wandering lost around a Megastore with a loose ten pounds raging a hole in your pocket.

RICK JAMES: Hard To Get (Motown)
Caveman Rick is convinced he's really something. Here he stands like Bert the Barbarian, all encrusted shields and tiny leather skirts wearing strictly non-FA approved steel shinpads. On the back he's standing just out of reach of a gazelle-slim elfin beauty's grope looking as though she's in the smelters business and his dick is made of gold. "Uh-uh lady," he seems to smirk, "I am not for sale!" Curiously, Rick's records have been "for sale" in this country for some time now and yet, for reasons I leave you to deduce, no one buys them in any great quantity.

SHAKATAK: Invitations (Polydor)
'Easier Said Than Done' was quite masterful and they're crazy if they think they can repeat it. Shakatak is a Hindustani word meaning "the lush rush of a moment's hush". Do you believe that? I can do that sort of thing all the time you know. 'Invitations' has even the archest MOR defender — ie me — feeling a bit creepy. It *is* ever so smooth and breezy, inoffensive as the punks next door, and a charming gift when meeting her mother for the first time. Also just the *weensiest* bit flakey and wet at the edges. And dull. It's dull mostly. "The lush runs of a moment's hush", if I were Victorian I think I'd write that down.

TELEX: L'Amour Toujours (Interdisc)
Telex, a cynical Belgian three piece of no fixed abode, once entered the Eurovision song contest in what I suppose was meant to be a stunning bit of infiltration. They ended up getting four votes. Not even zero. If it had been zero then it might have been something of an anarchist victory but no — they got four. Good, I'm glad. They can't make up their mind whether their electronic patterns — quite commercial and attractive electronic patterns as it happens — are also part of this "joke". This stops me from liking this shady Flem-fingered trio. Moreover the single stinks worse than a pot load of sprouts simmering overtime. (And I am certainly not above using obvious imagery like that).

THE JAM: The Bitterest Pill (Polydor)
Has somebody died? The cover to this brand spanking new Jam record reeks with doom. A death cell black and white photo surrounded by black broken only by bereavement italics. 'The Bitterest Pill' is a song weighted by sadness. As a duet — with Jenny Bellestar — it strikes me as a functional flat relative of Elton & Kiki's 'Don't Go Breaking My Heart'. I guess it's inspired more by Marvin and Tammi ... well she's dead anyway. Even the sprightly string arrangement which lifts the song at times is fighting the losing battle. There's also evidence — on both sides — that Paul Weller may have had a Dylan-esque motorbike crash, his voice — I think it's his voice — reedy and reaching.

The B-side here is altogether more inspired but that's only because the sound is more familiar albeit over a rendition of Davenport & Cooley's 'Fever'. But, even as a fan, I don't care for this despondent over-thoughtful 45, although Paul Weller won't worry too much. I think he's already decided on a course into introspection and the black, black, black. I'm staying right here.

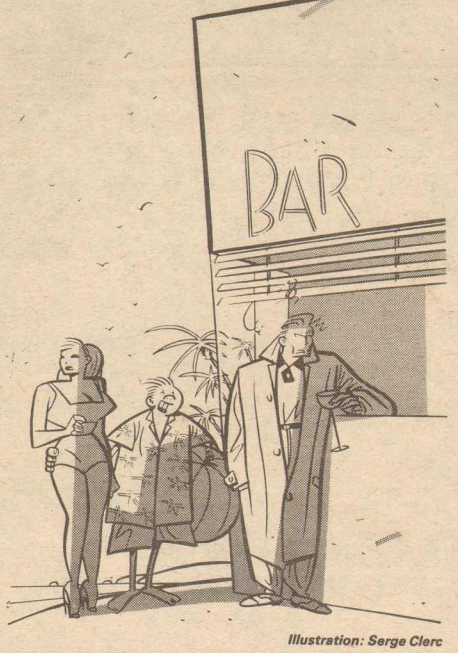


Illustration: Serge Clerc

BAKER'S PLAYLIST

Ed — I'm running a bit late this week so could you get a secretary to knock me out a playlist on the lines suggested below? Ta — Danny

Three plain old chart hits (to show I'm just an average Joe).
Two Motown records (Junior Walker perhaps).
Bunch of tracks by people with ethnic sounding names (possibly Polish or, even better, African).
One of the records from this column.
Reggae record by group who've been doing the circuit for years and are folk heroes of the dub set (this must include a patois question as its title).
Non Music LP (comedy preferably).
Two tracks by stuffy old MOR singers (Quality Is Timeless).
LP included only so readers can go "hey, I thought I was the only one that still appreciated his/her work."
Similar track so same readers can go "Well! He's the last person I would have expected to be into *that*."
Six or seven sweated over records that I haven't actually played for years but always promised I would include in lists like this.
One hit from when I was 17.
Two imports that are "big in the clubs" that the public will have to employ Sherlock Holmes to find.
One import that "is big" nowhere — a real dog actually, completely terrible — that I have to mention somewhere soon to justify claiming expenses for it (receipt attached).
One staid old fart record (Can't help it! I still like it!).
Ace-Up-Sleeve gem to send readers scurrying off to see if they've still got a copy of that.

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13th	Margate Winter Gardens	20th	Swansea Top Rank	30th	LONDON DOMINION
14th	Brighton Centre	21st	Derby Assembly Rooms	October	
15th	Reading Hexagon Theatre	23rd	Edinburgh Play House	1st	LONDON DOMINION
16th	Coventry Apollo Theatre	24th	Newcastle City Hall	2nd	LONDON DOMINION (+Matinee)
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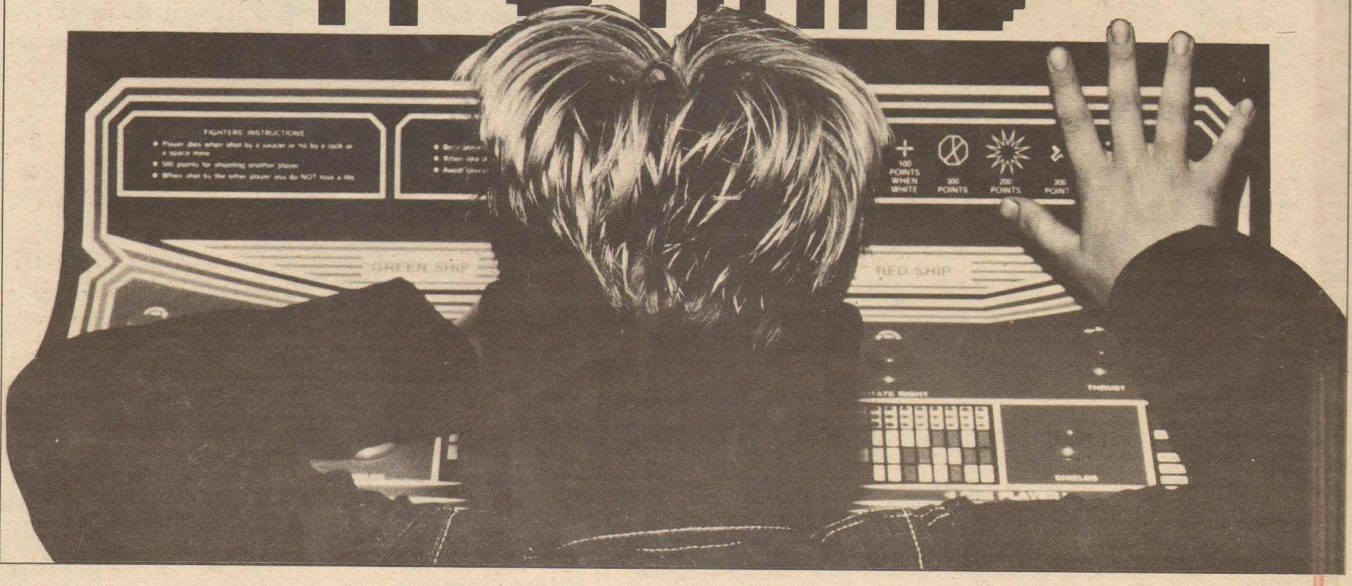

KaS QuE C'eST

Above: Mona — named after a Bo Diddley song. Below: Spatsz — named after Frau Wilma's famous liver-sausage pate

DON'T WORRY if the name doesn't mean much to you at the moment. It doesn't mean much to KaS Product either. "Just a name," they shrug and smile, in their French way.

But there could come a day when *they* will mean a lot. Last week, this pair played three exploratory dates in London, coming over to build on the word-of-mouth whispers which have followed their first LP 'Try Out' — out on RCA France, but sadly hard to obtain in this country.

Already under the spell of that record, I wasn't disappointed. And neither was anyone I know — it's a curious and special aspect of KaS Product, this way their music has of attracting people of virtually any taste or outlook. As you should soon have the opportunity to find that out . . .

The male half of KaS Product, synthesiser-ist Spatsz, is what you might term a Nancy-boy — on account of his hailing from that town, some good way east of Paris. It was here in Nancy in 1976 that he met Mona Soyoc, now the singer and occasional guitarist of the duo, who was born in America of Argentinian parents and who grew up in almost any country you care to mention. The match was a happy one, on both musical and personal levels, and by 1980 KaS Product had been born.

Seeing as Spatsz speaks little English, it's Mona who recounts their tale, beginning with their independent venture in Nancy. Linked up with a new local label, Punk Records, they took care of all business themselves, coming up with two EPs in the process — looking after the pressing, distribution, selling, even organising their own special shows.

This was an early symptom of more-than-usual determination: "It was a real fiasco all the time. Living in a small town out in the country like that. You find a place, you send out the posters, you do the bar, you make a stage, and you do everything so that people can have a good time.

"And they just don't come. Or they don't dare step in. It's really frustrating!"

But then . . . "the second EP we sent out, and a lot more French journalists started writing about us. It's difficult for a small label in France, and an unkown group, especially when you're outside of Paris. So it was amazing that journalists started talking about us." Next came an offer from the manager of the now "splitted" (as Mona puts it) Marquis de Sade, one of the better French groups of the day, for KP to support them on tour. They were on their way out of Nancy at last.

"So we did that French tour in March '81, and after that we decided that we wanted to do an LP this time." Having teamed up with their manager/co-producer Gerard N'Guyen, they took themselves off to a cheap studio in Switzerland. And in just seven days — about as long as it took God to create the world, in fact — KaS Product had made the basis of their album debut 'Try Out'. I'll come back to this ridiculously good record in a moment, but first let's finish the saga.

"So, we found ourselves with this *lovely* tape *(she laughs)*, and so we said, OK man, who are we gonna give it to? So we did this nice little press book, in a plastic sheet and everything. And we said, OK, we sing it in English, let's send it to England. So we sent away to Virgin, Island, Cherry Red and Rough Trade. Anyhow they received them, and we never really got answers, nothing happened. After a month we'd waited, we got bored and said, OK, we might as well go to Paris and find something."

I'll spare the blushes of the companies concerned by not dwelling on this hideous oversight on their parts. Instead, Mona explains how RCA France took the group on, with a contract and a deal that left her and Spatsz with practically as much control as they'd enjoyed before. And this time, there was a chance of that elusive prize: international distribution. Indeed, the record was quickly available in many parts of the continent.

"And the reason the record hasn't been released in England is, the contract was they had three months in France to find other countries where they could release it. And we had the option that if they didn't find, in three months, we could take back our rights and deal with who we wanted."

Unluckily for RCA Britain, they put off a decision too long, unaware of the three-month deadline. "Bad connection between the two companies," says Mona. By now, coming almost up to the present, some English journalists were forming an admiration society as their French counterparts did before them, and some London gigs were finally arranged. "And RCA (France) accepted to pay the voyage here, forth and back — I mean, *back and forth!*"

LAST WEEK'S three shows — performed with another good band, their label-mates Orchestre Rouge — were if anything, even better than I'd expected. And it's only to be hoped that some company will see fit to make a move this time and get 'Try Out' released here. Another factor that should work in KP's favour is that their lyrics are in English.

Although Mona's just as at home with French or Spanish, when it comes to singing, English "is more spontaneous for me. I think in English, even though sometimes I don't have the right vocabulary. French is more . . . literary".

Back at the start though, in Nancy, surely it would have made things easier to sing in French?

"Yeah, that was what the big record companies in France told us. Cos the new government they want to, how d'you say, start the French culture again, and not to have the invasion of the Anglo-Saxon language on the radio. And the Minister of the Culture said all the French singers and writers who will sing in French will have more time on the radio, and they'll have priority. So that was one of the things the companies said to us, you should sing in French.

"But one thing that helped us was there was a lot of free radios, pirate stations, at the time. It was the radios and the journalists that really helped us out, because we didn't want any big publicity campaign. We didn't want to sell records like . . . a shoe! Like a pack of beans."

Be that as it may, it's relevant in this connection to mention that Mona is strikingly good-looking. Beauty doesn't necessarily denote much in the way of artistic worth; but as you and I know, it does move you ten spaces forward on the great Monopoly board of pop success. KaS Product are an eminently marketable commodity.

They also happen to make great music. It's largely electronic, courtesy of Spatsz who sits stolidly in the darker recesses of the stage set. The 'Try Out' collection moves easily across a wide landscape of moods and sounds, each segment matched by Mona's versatile vocals — they take in some scathing acid attacks and slow, torch-scorching soul. The most bizarre of all, perhaps, is the track that's to be the new 45 in France, 'Pussy X': through a schizophrenic dual vocal, Mona portrays the erotic relationship between a girl and her cat, from seething malice on the feline part to purring pleasure on the girl's.

Mona, who claims to improvise the material in the studio, coyly declines to be drawn on the topic: "It's just about an angry cat," she explains, with polite finality.

You might well have heard 'Pussy X' on the radio already, via a spare copy I passed to Kid Jensen. Either way, I daresay it'll get UK release eventually. It's got to happen.

"The French take more time to recognise," Mona reflects. "They'll even recognise you more if you've got success somewhere else — especially in England, cos for them England is the centre of rock. So if you're doing well in England, that means you're the greatest!"

Right now, the plan is for KaS Product to come back here for a fuller tour around October. Just you wait. . .

Paul Du Noyer meets KaS Product, stars of le rock electronique. Pics by Peter Anderson

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DAVID BOWIE SORROW/ AMSTERDAM
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DEPECHE MODE NEW LIFE
DEXYS MIDNIGHT RUNNERS GENO
DIANA ROSS AND THE SUPREMES WHERE DID OUR LOVE GO
KILLING JOKE REQUIEM
THE KINKS YOU REALLY GOT ME

MADNESS THE PRINCE
MADNESS BAGGY TROUSERS
MATTHEWS SOUTHERN COMFORT WOODSTOCK
ORANGE JUICE SIMPLY THRILLED HONEY
OTIS REDDING DOCK OF THE BAY
THE ROLLING STONES SATISFACTION
SEX PISTOLS GOD SAVE THE QUEEN
SPECIALS GHOST TOWN
SIMPLE MINDS CHELSEA GIRL
STEPPENWOLF BORN TO BE WILD
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The Velvet Gentleman

Erik Satie 1866 ~ 1925

BY BILL NELSON

BILL NELSON has often acknowledged his love for the music of influential French composer Erik Satie — and quickly agreed when we asked him to write this article for us. Bill, whose own solo LP 'The Love That Whirls' was released just recently, says he first became curious about Satie through reading about another hero, the artist/writer Jean Cocteau (in whose honour Bill named his own label Cocteau Records), a close associate of the composer. He was already aware of Satie's most famous piece, 'Les Trois Gymnopedies' (recently covered by, of all people, Gary Numan) but soon he was immersing himself in the complete works: "It was marvellous, and so totally different from anything else."

The profile which follows is an introduction to the life, times and genius of Satie. To begin your acquaintance with the man's recorded music, Bill Nelson suggests these generally available albums: 'Erik Satie Piano Music Vol 1' by Frank Glazer on the Vox label, and, for orchestral works, 'Homage To Erik Satie' by Maurice Abravanel with the Utah Symphony Orchestra, on the Vanguard label. The drawing (right) was done by another friend of Satie's — Pablo Picasso, who was pretty neat, too, in his own way. It's all yours, Bill . . .

IN PARIS, during the months of May and June, 1895, a publication called *Le Cartulaire* was made available to the general public.

It issued from the headquarters of an obscure organisation calling itself The Metropolitan Church of the Art of Jesus the Conductor and, under a series of inflated ecclesiastical headings, began by excommunicating one of the most well known music critics of the time, Henri Gauthier-Villars, known simply by his pen-name of 'Willy'!

According to *Le Cartulaire*, Willy had debased the critic's function by his lack of respect and incompetence. Not only that, he was accused of being swollen-headed and presumptuous.

Willy answered these accusations publicly by stating that their author was a "charlatan, a lunatic and a complete idiot", but their author, who in fact was a much more elusive and marvellous man than the irate and confused critic realized, replied with further additions to the rich catalogue of Willy's sins: falsehood, immodesty and boorishness. He was a repulsive oppressor of church and art, a paid hack, a clown, a buffoon . . .

Willy, though suitably outraged, secretly wallowed in the masochistic luxury of such fierce attention, for, as you may have noticed, critics enjoy their notoriety more than the very people they choose to criticize.

The truth was that both the Metropolitan Church of the Art of Jesus the Conductor and *Le Cartulaire* were the self-devised and financed (though somewhat tongue-in-cheek) inventions of Erik Satie, perhaps one of the most important and influential of French composers. Part jester, part primitive, part sage, Satie confounded critics and public alike with his ironic, enigmatic but eloquent compositions. There may be many 'greater' or better known composers but few reveal more clearly the origins and early development of 20th Century music.

To condense Satie's life into an article of this size would, of course, be ludicrous if not downright impossible. The most anyone can do within these limitations is to scatter a few clues to some deeper meaning, clues to a code that only occurs in the spaces *between* words rather than in the words themselves.

Perhaps this is not inappropriate, as Satie's bitter-sweet music occupies a similar space . . . a space between the ticking of clocks, between stasis and movement, between sound and silence.

For me, this space appears both beautiful and deadly, like a deep lagoon swarming with exotic fish and dangerous currents. Observing the ripples on its surface only hints at the wonders below, but where you and I would need an aqualung to explore, Satie had gills.

THE CAREER of Erik Satie is split into two totally distinct and separate phases. After virtually retiring in 1898, he was 're-discovered', 12 years later, at the age of 48, by several much younger composers who recognised in him all the unique and far reaching qualities of genius.

In return, Satie characteristically confounded everyone by writing in a completely new style, refusing to rest on his first and now acknowledged career.

His champions were the fashionable artists of the day: Ravel, Debussy, (who was for many years a close friend), Cocteau, Picasso, Stravinsky and Diaghilev. He soon became involved with both the Dada and Surrealist movements and was adopted as a Godfather by that irrepressible group of musicians known as 'Lessix' who included amongst their number the now much respected George Auric, Darius Milhaud and Francis Poulenc.

Whilst lunching in a Paris restaurant with the painter Fernand Leger, Satie conceived the idea of ambient or, as he called it, 'furnishing' music.

"There is a need to create furnishing music," said Satie, "music that would be part of the surrounding noises and take them into account. I imagine it to be melodious, softening the clatter of knives and forks without imposing itself."

Art, he was quick to point out, had nothing to do with it. This music was purely a functional device, no more important than heating or lighting, something *just* there but not really listened to or thought about.

This concept, whilst merely a whimsical diversion on Satie's part, has since inspired the muzak of supermarkets and shopping centres, several albums by Brian Eno, my own 'Sounding The Ritual Echo' album and a single by Red Noise called simply 'Furniture Music'. Satie, no doubt, would find it all highly amusing.

Born on May 17, 1866 at Honfleur, a port on the Normandy Coast, Erik Satie had an uneventful if somewhat austere childhood. His father was descended from a long line of Norman seafarers, his mother was Scottish and a devout Catholic. Satie's uncle Adrien, nicknamed 'Uncle Sea-bird', provided light relief and some inspiration for the young boy.

Being a bachelor of unconventional habits and easy morals, Uncle Sea-bird was considered something of a black sheep by the Satie family. Nevertheless, he introduced his nephew to the theatre and the circus, both of which made a deep impression on him.

Later, after the death of his mother, Satie was temporarily placed in the care of his grandparents and, at the age of eight, after showing more interest in music than in academic subjects, they enrolled him for music lessons.

Much of Satie's adolescence and early maturity was spent in joyless solitude, particularly after his grandmother's death when he was sent to re-join his father, now living in Paris. His formal education was rapidly abandoned except for music, but even here encouragement was a rare event. His piano tutor pronounced him "the laziest student in the class . . . but gets a lovely sound". Disastrous results followed subsequent exams; one tutor assessing him as "worthless".

At the age of 16, however, he discovered the music of Bach and Chopin and became deeply drawn to the mystic doctrine and ritual of the Catholic faith. Out of this experience grew a deeper commitment to music. Gradually, the definitive Satie persona began to emerge.

HIS FIRST published pieces for the piano were written in 1885 and the following year he began composing what was to become his best known work, 'The Three Gymnopedies'. This delicate and sad aural triptych has been adapted more than any other Satie piece. Debussy was later to orchestrate it in insipid fashion, all flutes, harp and strings.

It has been used as theme music for a television series, *Bouquet of Barbed Wire* and abused by Gary Numan on a totally blasphemous B-side. To appreciate its real purity it really must be heard as a solo piano piece, the way Satie conceived it.

No orchestra or synthesiser can capture the beautiful, controlled sense of melancholy that hides in the austere heart of this gently dissonant music. Cool, calm and clear, 'The Gymnopedies' exist in a timeless twilight where the cheap bluster of pop would instantly be stripped of its hollow conceits and revealed as nothing more than the whining petulance of aesthetically impoverished children. For a composer at the age of 20 it was an astonishingly mature work.

Soon, Satie left home, after a sexual indiscretion with the family maid, and moved into a room in the Rue Condorcet at the foot of Montmartre.

It was during this period that he first grew a beard, adopted a flowing tie, velvet coat and soft felt hat which, along with his usual pince-nez, established a prototype for the 'velvet gentleman' of his later years. Working as a second pianist at the Chat Noir Night Club, his time was divided between serious composition and the performance of popular songs.

Over a fairly short period of time, Satie developed a passion for hard drinking which eventually led to him being given the sack from the Chat Noir. His compositions at this time were decorated with elaborate literary embroidery in the form of serio-comic directions to the performer. Directions such as "without pride" and "fit yourself with clear-sightedness".

Soon, Satie's dry humour began to assume the status of drought . . . his later compositions would rejoice in titles such as 'Dried Embryos', 'Things Seen To The Right And Left (Without Glasses)' and 'Three Pieces In The Shape Of A Pear'.

Satie briefly came under the then fashionable spell of Rosicrucianism, an esoteric magical society which still flourishes today (though now somewhat commercialised and based in California). It was after his involvement and subsequent rejection of the Rosicrucian doctrine that he decided to form his own pseudo-religion, the previously mentioned Metropolitan Church of the Art of Jesus the Conductor.

In 1898, Satie moved some distance

■ *Continues over*

Erik Satie: a man before his time Illustration: Pablo Picasso

Erik Satie

■ *From previous page*

across Paris from Montmartre to the suburb of Arcueil. He found a small room over a drab cafe called The Four Chimneys and made his living by commuting, on foot, the six miles back and forth between Arcueil and Montmartre where he had secured another job as an accompanist of popular singers. The friends he kept were never permitted to enter the waterless, unheated room in Arcueil and an air of mystery grew around Satie's life there.

ALTHOUGH HIS drinking habits increased, he came to know a kind of peace amid the dreary surroundings. He seemed to have an almost Orwellian impulse to identify with the working class and, as time went on, for psychological and political reasons, this impulse strengthened.

Despite his work in Montmartre, he had very little money. In the first quarter of 1903 his published music earned him a royalty of 76 centimes. To add insult to injury they spelt his name *Erick* on the royalty return. He suffered a growing depression about his ability and became sensitive about the gaps in his knowledge of musical technique.

It seemed that the only answer to this was to go back to school and learn all the things he had scorned in youth as pedantic. Although Debussy warned him against the idea, Satie enrolled as a student of Musical Composition at the Scholia Gantorum. The year was 1905 and on the opening day Satie presented himself, a middle aged gentleman among fresh faced students. His reward came in 1908 when he emerged with his Formal Diploma.

Now a well known citizen of Arcueil, he joined the local Socialist Party and was elected to the committee. Suddenly, the 'Arty' velvet suits were discarded in favour of a much more sombre style. From now on, Satie would only ever be seen wearing a dark suit, black overcoat, black bowler hat, high wing collar and sober tie.

He retained his beard and pince-nez and would carry a tightly rolled, black umbrella at all times, regardless of the weather. He became fascinated with animals. His piano music now included portraits of 'dreamy fish', an octopus, dogs and crustaceans.

Slowly, musical circles in Paris were beginning to take notice of him. 'The Gymnopedies' and 'The Sarabandes' were hailed as masterpieces ahead of their time. Debussy and Ravel gave public performances of Satie's work to great acclaim.

This new-found attention encouraged Satie to renew his compositional activities and before long he was writing a prolific number of piano compositions in a style developed from, but somehow different to, his earlier work.

During this period, and until close to the end of his life, Satie continued to astonish. His collaboration with Cocteau and Picasso on the cubist costumed ballet *Parade* shocked audiences with its use of 'found' sounds such as gunfire, typewriters and sirens.

He not only wrote music for, but also made a brief appearance in Rene Clair's film, *Entr'acte*, a surreal comedy of dark and strange humour featuring a runaway hearse and a bearded ballet dancer. *Entr'acte* was first shown as part of a ballet devised by Francis Picabia.

The ballet, a wonderfully dadaesque affair, caused mayhem in the audience. At the end of the performance, Satie and Picabia squeezed into a tiny Citroen car and puttered round the stage waving at the noisily disapproving crowd.

Called simply *Relache*, the ballet gave Satie the opportunity to write music around such concepts as 'The Dance Of The Revolving Door' and today, whilst the ballet itself has virtually been forgotten. the music lingers on.

If there is one eternal and essential ingredient in Satie's work, it is simplicity. Not the simplicity of ignorance, but the simplicity of economy, a kind of minimalism born of a desire to retain contact, however tenuous, with the unspoilt naivety of childhood.

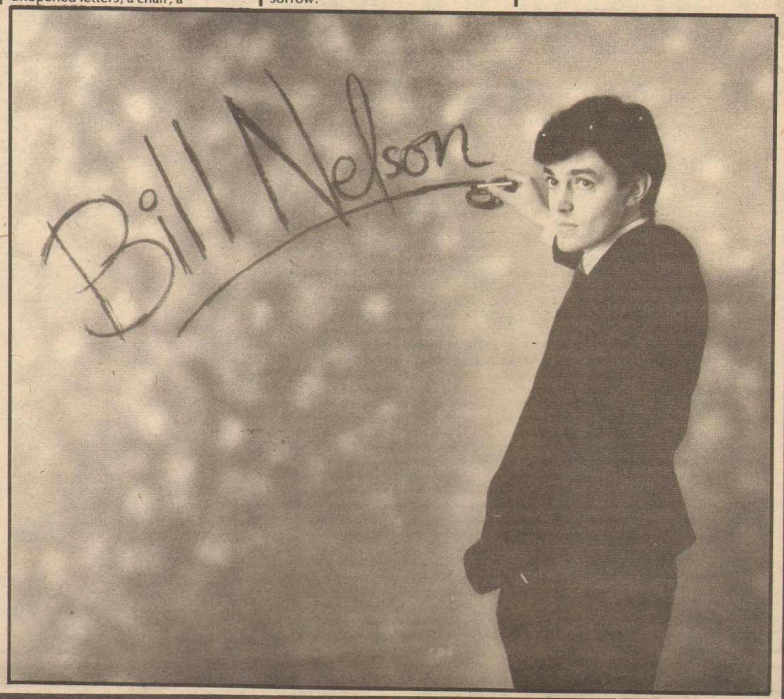
It was this same simple love of form that filled Picasso's work with such power and freshness. Both men shared a keenly developed sense of the primitive, yet by a means that seemed almost innocent, were able to refine it into a pure and noble aesthetic.

ERIK SATIE died on the first of July 1925. He had cirrhosis of the liver. At the age of 59 he had almost 40 years of solid drinking behind him. When his friends opened up his room in Arcueil after the funeral, they could not believe that the neat and impeccable Satie had lived in such abject squalor.

Dark and cold, the room contained a meagre bed, a table piled high with unopened letters, a chair, a half-empty cupboard containing half a dozen identical unworn velvet suits, an ancient battered piano, its pedals held together with string, and an old cigar box containing thousands of tiny scraps of paper on which were inscribed fantastic, often Gothic, drawings and plans in Satie's own hand.

In every corner lay old hats, newspapers and walking sticks. The windows were filthy and the curtains rotten with age. For 27 years no one had ever penetrated this inner temple. The sight of this lonely room filled Satie's friends with the deepest sorrow.

Cocteau said of Satie: "His lesson is not coming to an end. Never did he rely upon dubious charm or a striking effect. Never did he listen to the sirens, except his own inner ones. He always stopped up his ears with wax. He always, like the wise Ulysses, had himself tied to the mast. Too simple for ears accustomed to highly spiced sounds, that is the tragedy. Satie does not clothe his genius, never clutters it up with costume or jewel. His genius is unclad and without the slightest modesty. To go naked, for Satie's music was an act of modesty *par excellence*."



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SILVER SCREEN

Kurt Russell comes across the scriptwriter

QUITE SOME THING

The Thing
Directed by John Carpenter
Starring Kurt Russell, Wilford Brimley and T K Carter (UIP)

OF COURSE, there'll probably be dissenters who'll claim *The Thing* as John Carpenter's nemesis, an abrogation of the principles of reserve, implication and the slow turn of the screw staked out in his earlier films.

They'll say he's ditched the insinuation of fear in preference to a lurid visual offensive. That he's been mesmerised by an arsenal of socko effects. That *The Thing* foregoes the essential wound-up tension and lazily revels in its set-pieces.

Dispassionate analysis might accede some such argument. But Carpenter's film-making isn't about that; it's about the heat of the long moment, and that prickly, almost humid apprehension soaks this marvellous film. Although *The Thing* incorporates more tricks than any of his films, the director's unequivocal success is in sewing them into a superbly tight canvas. As far as I'm concerned, it not only tests him to his finest form, it sets the standard by which all creature thrillers will have to be judged.

Admittedly the competition in that genre isn't especially fierce. In tackling this customarily unsubtle *mise en scene* Carpenter has to face up to a vast backlog of hack moviemaking: legitimate monster pictures don't exactly jostle for position in anybody's hall of fame. Still, the travail is a familiar one to him, one he in fact seems to relish — having already upended the stereotypical onslaught of the carvery of psycho in *Halloween* and the corralled cop shoot-out in *Assault On Precinct 13*.

The director's refusal to accept that the penny dreadful strictures of this sort of film are sacrosanct has been nurtured by a rare skill: the manipulation of the *confining* qualities of film. All of Carpenter's pictures have been set in a prison of some form, be it a forlorn space ship or a metropolis denuded of law and order, and the hapless characters involved have been drowning in an hysterical, rat-in-a-maze claustrophobia by the end. The viewer is somehow drawn in until (s)he is a helpless voyeur — who didn't want to *do* something in the final cataclysmic attack of *Precinct 13*?

As he's waded through the habitually gore-sodden country of the 'exploitation' picture, Carpenter's camera has either siphoned off blood-letting or repositioned it in areas which contrive to freshen the experience of shock — the atmosphere muggy with anticipation but the actual spurt never bluntly signalled.

It all goes to make his films single-take excursions into territory where normality is virtually suspended. The arrival of carnage in this dimension is never a gratuitous jolt.

ALL THE same, *The Thing* does present a certain departure. It's the least humourous of Carpenter's films, pivoting on a sense of fatality that bears resemblance to Cronenberg's work; and its graphic and unflinching effects confront the audience as the director never has before.

It's been conceived initially as a remake of Howard Hawks' 1950 *The Thing From Another World*. An American research expedition is baffled when a helicopter from a nearby Norwegian base tries to shoot a dog that runs into the US camp. When they go to check out what drove their Scandinavian colleagues hysterical they find only human remains stiffed by decidedly unnatural causes and the evidence of a discovery of something queer in the ice.

Meanwhile, when the camp dogs take a sniff at their new companion the answering scent is clearly not pedigree — *and then . . .*

Much more than that I do not care to reveal. Carpenter's love of Hawks has permeated most of his films and it was the senior director's version of *The Thing* that played on *Halloween's* TV screens. In the original a fearful suspense was built up over the nature of the alien, only to peter out in a routine solution. Carpenter chooses to trade the what-is-it? quotient for the far more disturbing where-is-it?

The Thing is identified as a creature capable of changing its shape and taking over the minds and bodies of the bickering team that man the station — but how many of the dozen men have been subsumed?

A heroic leader figure emerges — but with typical contrariness Carpenter makes it the cynical, J&B-breathed MacReady (Kurt Russell, last seen as Snake Plissken in *Escape From New York*). As the team is whittled down, MacReady grows progressively more unhinged: the prison this time is not just the terrible isolation of the snowbound location, it is the human body itself.

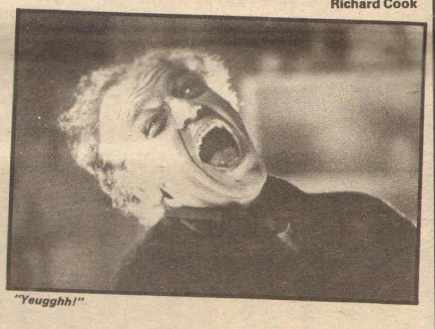
NOTHING I could say would do justice to the special effects: no film has made a metamorphic monster so frighteningly believable. It is to the credit of the repertory cast that their performances aren't overwhelmed by the petrifying transformation scenes.

Nor is John Carpenter's grasp of the project. Using seemingly austere black and white outposts as a set, he's photographed a film of sometimes iridescent colours; from a plot that many would stumble through in a rush to the climactic moments he's fashioned a taut, stinging web of suspicions and animosity that shows men retreating into their basest instincts of self-preservation in trying to beat a creature bent on exactly the same thing.

There are not only grisly external horrors here — there is also the traditional fear of an unknown beast within.

And to finally cap Hawks, Carpenter finds a great ending too. You'll see few films this year made with this intelligence — and none so shamelessly exciting.

Richard Cook



"Yeugghh!"

Richard Bohringer and Thuy An Luu share a condom moment in Diva

DIVINE DEBUT

Diva
Directed by Jean-Jacques Beineix
Starring Frederic Andrei, Wilhemena Wiggins Fernandez and Richard Bohringer (Palace)

A WILD and boundlessly energetic cocktail of satirical fancy and slurred melodrama, *Diva's* breathless stuffing of its conventions somehow holds course while threatening to fall apart at any moment. It looks inescapably like a debut film and that actually works to its advantage: only someone in the first flush of direction could shake this bag of tricks so excitedly.

The Diva is an untouchable black soprano, on tour in Paris, who refuses to record her unrivalled voice. Then a worshipping postboy bootlegs a recital, only to be pursued first by record company hoodlums (two orientals forever hidden behind enormous mirror shades) and then, when he accidentally comes into possession of a second tape of incriminating confessions, by prostitution ring heavies headed by a corrupt nark.

Director Beineix, a stalwart assistant to Luis Bunuel, makes his film as much about a fluorescent Paris after dark as anything. There's a smart chase through the Metro, lingering glances at the streetwalkers on Rue St Denis, and dawn breaks through L'Arc de Triomphe. Beside this he splices shots of fraught pinball houses and the boy's industrial slum apartment, bare except for a fabulous stereo system. Like Paris, the film clasps the hands of cheap poetry and urban sleaze.

In a fairly fantastic chain of events a suitably enigmatic mentor emerges to assist the hero. Richard Bohringer's performance as the mysterious and resourceful benefactor exudes an Aznavour-like charm that shines through a set of rather amateurish turns by the others. Whether poring over a trillion-pieced jigsaw that seems to depict an ad for the cigarettes he chain-smokes or elaborately hoodwinking each of the bad guys in turn, the unnamed magician is the perfect guide to this enjoyable absurd harlequinade.

A surprise massive hit in America, Beineix's film is hardly typical of the current French drift (and may have scored for that reason) — its giddy mix of American thriller and, naturally, Bunuelesque socio-fantasy shows no marked character as yet. His next picture might by *very* interesting.

Richard Cook

Frederic Andrei gets the point

Werner Herzog: "Next time, I'm going Sealink".

Burden Of Dreams

Directed by Les Blank
Starring Werner Herzog, Klaus Kinski, a handful of Germans and a tribe or two of Indians

SAD TO have to say it, but *Burden Of Dreams*, Les Blank's documentary of the filming of *Fitzcarraldo*, is a deal more interesting than Herzog's bloated "epic" itself. This is due in part to the political and social problems surrounding the enterprise — Herzog stumbling unwittingly into a hornet's nest of Peruvian militia, inter-tribal disputes and Indians bent on emancipation — though the real fascination of the film derives from the fact that Fitzcarraldo's project (carrying a 32 ton steamship broken into 14 sections over a mountain) pales into insignificance at the side of Herzog's "interpretation" (a *320 ton* boat, all in one piece!)

Besides providing plenty of supportive evidence for those interested enough to want to trace the oblique autobiographical threads in *Fitzcarraldo*, *Burden Of Dreams* also offers the opportunity to see Jason Robards and Mick Jagger doing their version of that stupid bloody bell-ringing scene. Nice to see they can ham it up as well as Kinski . . .

Andy Gill

Who Dares Wins

Directed by Ian Sharp
Starring Lewis Collins, Judy Davis, Richard Widmark (Rank)

A FILM destined to animate its audiences, and how! In the West End, a day after its premiere, they were whooping like an American game show crowd. When skinhead and commie boots crunched into the faces of young coppers they groaned. When SAS marksmen penetrated enemy skulls there were cries of sexual ecstasy.

Producer Euan Lloyd *(The Wild Geese)* and director Sharp *(The Professionals)* have done what they imagine to be their patriotic duty by providing colour and moving form to the SAS legend. Hitherto the regiment operated in hoods and black legging, crawling down from the sky like dark, mysterious angels. What, we wondered, is the secret of the troop? Are they lovers, psychopaths or is it all because the Iron Lady loves Milk Tray?

The facts, according to Lloyd/Sharp, is a Man From Uncle World; a training camp in Hereford where stiff-lipped action men leap through flames and from tall buildings from dawn to dusk barely pausing for a wee, let alone a bully beef and pickle lunch.

Who Dares is a political movie. For unquestioning flag wavers it will suffice to reinforce old and new-found prejudices. The plot or suggestion is that while CND is basically a movement of middle-class ninnies, soft-headed clergy and oddball youth there exists within their midst a brutal Bader-Meinhof type clique called The People's Lobby, financed by a smarmy rich arab and fueled by a vaguely stated left wing dogma.

Your mission Lewis Collins (ex-*The Professionals)*, should you care to further prostitute your minimal acting craft, is to infiltrate The People's Lobby, to find out what disgusting act of subversion they plan next and call in your SAS brothers to provide a dynamic Commie-busting ending.

Lewis, as Peter Skellern (no relation to the ex choirmaster and hitmaker) quickly climbs aboard People's Lobby co-leader Frankie Leith (Judy Davis) and gives her a brutish SAS-type poke after which this hardened guerrilla bint becomes silly putty.

Frankie's co-guerrillas are highly suspicious of Skellern and in fact provide proof that he is dodgy. But being a mere woman, and thus subject to flights of emotional madness, she persists with him.

The big raid, to which traitor Skellern is invited, involves capturing several US military big wigs in the London US embassy. "Drop a nuke on Clydeside or we'll kill everyone," squawks Davis. She wants to offer the world proof that bombs are bad and more than once she says she does this thing for peace. No doubt there are terrorists who are as inept and idiotic as Frankie and her bearded polytechnic goons; if so they will not live long.

The political purpose of the film is to zap the common or garden leftish dissenter, to link him/her with right wing thugs, to introduce the spectre of the arab/commie plot and to connect these parts with "respectable" MPs whose shabby spirit of "appeasement" is driving us all to national suicide.

A film like this helps us get there. It pretends to be patriotic but is squalid, ludicrous and, above all, deeply divisive.

Andrew Tyler
(People's Lobby)

"Excuse me, is this the queue for ladies' lingerie?"

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ON THE BOX

Thursday September 2
Stardust (Michael Apted 1974). Continuing the fictional rise and fall of ex-fairground hand and all-round dimple David Essex, a nasty of certain mean charm in *That'll Be The Day*, who grows up through every star-torn cliche in the showbiz-on-film book into a pathetic drug-addled wreck. The story does not stop there: Essex relinquished the role to Hazel O'Connor who went through the same permutation in *Breaking Glass*, while Apted worked the plot around Loretta Lynn's biography for *Coalminer's Daughter*. Seen one . . . **(BBC2)**

Gunfight At The OK Corral (John Sturges 1957). Suspenseful intro — ie nothing happens for a very long time — so if you're impatient you can watch *Top Of The Pops* and some of *Fame* before switching back to witness the climactic shootout, featuring Kirk Douglas catching bullets in his chin — that's how he got his famous cleft — and Burt Lancaster as Wyatt Earp and Doc Holliday taking on the Clancy Gang in a KOs-only no-holds-barred final bout. **(Central)**

Friday September 3
Bullitt (Peter Yates 1968). Faster than a speeding . . . manic car chase over San Francisco's humps, the late, laconic Steve McQueen as tough-but-fair haired cop busting mafia connections and jaws, directed with an alien's eye for detail by Englishman Yates . . . It's a bit slow actually, but recommended nevertheless. **(Central)**

The Helicopter Spies (Boris Sagal 1967). Robert Vaughn was best as McQueen's crumpled foil in *Bullitt*, but he did cut a neat smirk as Napoleon Solo, the West's greasiest line of defence, in the UNCLE series. This one finds him and David McCallum stretching a plot and a budget in an island off Africa. **(BBC1)**

Yellow Submarine (George Dunning 1968). Seen it. So have you probably. **(BBC2)**

Hornet's Nest (Phil Karlson 1969). A simple rule: Any late night show starring Rock Hudson must be a good excuse for an early night. A war drama mawkishly matching him with a bunch of kids is hardly likely to prove an exception. **(BBC1)**

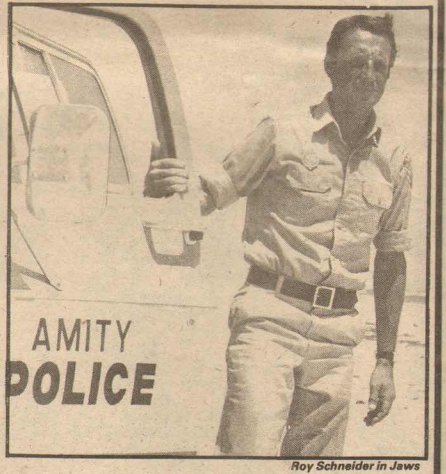
Jaws (Steven Spielberg 1975). Opening a week of John Milius fragments and curios, take a chance to revise your opinion of the Ugly American on his one brief contribution to this ruthlessly efficient scare comic movie: the wonderful, bloated cartoon bubble of a state of the nation speech, delivered by Robert Shaw just before the shark got him. **(ITV network)**

The Driver (Walter Hill 1978). Following the Milius (this column's invisible star) dictum of actions speaking louder than words, Hill's hero Ryan O'Neal grits his teeth and says nothing during a cat and mouse duel with his cop opponent Bruce Dern. Isabelle Adjani provides the existential interest. **(BBC1)**

Ryan O'Neal as The Driver

The 39 Steps (Alfred Hitchcock 1935). The most endearing and enduring of Hitchcock's British films. Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll star as the perfect couple handcuffed to each other and a noble notion of adventure in a chase that traverses the length of the country, taking in every known national stereotype on the way. **(BBC2)**

My Man Godfrey (Gregory La Cava 1936). Too cute to be classed as screwball, *My Man Godfrey*'s an engaging enough comedy starring William Powell as the witty, worldly butler to Carol Lombard's millionaire family. **(BBC1)**



Roy Schneider in Jaws

The Big Fix (Jeremy Paul Kagan 1978). Would you believe Richard Dreyfuss as an ex-hippy private eye called Moses Wine investigating political corruption in California? Yes, actually. One of new Hollywood's most painfully sincere actors, he is paradoxically still watchable. Not so sure, though, about Kagan's films, after sleeping through his current *The Chosen*. **(BBC1)**

The Europeans (Merchant/Ivory 1979). A deadlier combination than Henry James and James Ivory I can't imagine. Hope to God Bilko's on the other side. **(BBC2)**

Golden Rendezvous (Ashley Lazarus 1977). From would-be SAS man Alastair MacLean's story, terrorists hold a ship hostage and there are no Israelis in sight to rescue them. **(ITV network)**

Monday September 6
The Eiger Sanction (Clint Eastwood 1975). Eastwood's few outright failures usually occur when Eastwood the director refuses to invest Eastwood the solemn actor with a sense of self mockery. Without that essential touch of irony he appears ridiculous. No self-effacing smiles disturb his grimaces in this spy/mountain climbing bore fought out on the Eiger's rock face. Almost as bad as the farcical *Firefox*. **(BBC1)**

Tuesday September 7
Fort Apache (John Ford 1948). The recent death of Henry Fonda — cast against type as the fort's catastrophically stubborn commanding officer — somehow renders Ford's slow, elegaic cavalry movie all the more poignant, especially as his co-star is the late John Wayne. Not only has the West shrunk, but so too has Hollywood's stable of Western stars. **(BBC2)**

Wednesday September 8
Dirty Harry (Don Siegel 1971). Though uncredited, screenwriter John Milius largely revised Eastwood's first significant role of the 70s, remoulding his tough cop as a brute whose badge is the only distinguishing factor between him and the bad guys. Of course, being a Milius project, it goes a touch deeper than that. Operating in a society whose guardians are either corrupt or gagged by bureaucracy, a man has to create his own codes to achieve results. For what it's worth Dirty Harry is feared and loathed by crooks on both sides of the law. **(BBC1)**

Chris Bohn

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NATTY DESIG

Subversive strategists, practising conceptual entry-ism in the youth music marketplace?
Or just another pop group looking for a hit?
CHRIS BOHN listens hard while Green of Scritti Politti searches his heart, soul and dictionary.
Photographs by ANTON CORBIJN

THE WEEKEND before our final confrontation, Scritti Politti's Green went shopping for clothes for his debut *Top Of The Pops* appearance, its confirmation depending on 'Asylums In Jerusalem' breaking the Top 40 that week.

We never did see what he was going to wear. The single slipped, and, with it, the group's hopes of that elusive first hit. The discrepancies of the chart return system — so punishing to the independents — aside, there was really no reason for 'Asylums. . .' to slide.

It was subjected to an uncharacteristically intense Rough Trade marketing campaign that went so far as releasing picture disc, seven and 12" versions, the last including specially signed limited edition posters! The record wasn't starved of exposure either.

It received adequate airplay, Scritti Politti made the front pages of the music papers and got into the gutter press. They even got to do — belatedly — a *Radio One* Peter Powell session. During its recording Powell popped in and assured them they had a hit on their hands.

So what went wrong? Maybe it was simply that people didn't want it. I think I know what they mean. For all the undeniable sweetness of Green's voice — really, the loveliest, tenderest, if limited soul instrument this side of Gregory Isaacs and Art Garfunkel — and the varied textures of Scritti Politti's pop/AOR approximations, their songs lack the very contemporary *resonance* to which Green pays so much lip service.

I mean, those words you're singing, Green, just whose life story are you telling? Not that they should be so obvious, but the wonder of the greatest popular music is its ability to unwittingly provide a soundtrack to daily life — whether underpinning someone's romance or counterpointing newsreels as they unfold.

Songs about Jacques Derrida and seeking asylum in Jerusalem naturally have a limited sounding — unless everything else about them is so perfect the words become superfluous. Anyway, there's too many of them and they're worked over and around and back again to further compound the cluttered effect. Their looped motion, sustained by Green's honeypumping voice, leaves no space in Scritti Politti records. Though the group have narrowed their sights on *their* ideas of popular music, their singles are still paradoxically poorly focused.

Maybe if Green realises his ambition of working with Aretha Franklin and Randy Crawford — "if Rod Temperton can do it with

N OR GRAND ILLUSION?

Michael Jackson, then why not?" — or his long shot of bringing together Gregory Isaacs and Kraftwerk — "Kraftwerk are a very big influence in terms of economy of style, as opposed to an excess of signature" — then the discipline of writing for others might sharpen and simplify his songs.

For the moment, though, for all their fussiness they don't go anywhere. If they're not intended to, that's fine — the daring, immaculate 'Faithless', the cool, displaced warp of 'The "Sweetest Girl" ' tune make it on any scale — but as Scritti Politti have placed great store in big sales, they fail on a very basic level. Unlike ABC who, trashy though they may be, have proven their combined manufacturing/marketing pop aesthetic to work. It sounds good. It sells, It even resonates.

WHICH IS ROUGHLY where our first confrontation with Scritt Politti begins. Having just read my review of 'Asylums In Jerusalem' Green's at great pains to discover why I described him as brilliant and totally useless.

"Totally useless? I can't believe anybody's totally useless! How can you say I'm totally useless?" he badgers.

It explain I only used the term in its specific context as part of an anaology with a S.F type disembodied brain, capable of thoughts upon which he's unable to act, but he's not having any of it.

His worrying continues through a trying picture session — "Why do you want me to move? I'm totally useless!" — which the group treat as part of their own marketing campaign. They resist Anton Corbijn's directions in an attempt to impose their own arrangement.

Despite Green's denials of a group hierarchy, he visibly bristles and dreadlock drum programmer Tom grows nervous when Anton asks the latter to move in close. "Er, Green should be in the front," Tom murmers. Green seems to agree. Anton points out that in the final picture no one will be in the front. Green wants them all pictured full length so everyone can see what an odd mixture they are (and they are: tall, gangly Green, Tom, laddy bassist Joe Gang, three non-aligned back-up singers Lorenza, Mae and Jackie, all from a West End show background.

"Hire a photographer then," snaps Anton. And so on. When it's over, Anton says it's the most difficult session he's ever undertaken.

Green and I meet twice more over the following weeks. At once egoistic and extraordinarily sensitive, he just can't understand why anyone should be suspicious of Scritti Politti. Well, how's this for a jaundiced, revisionist view of the group's shift from the margins to the mainstream.

The sort of switch Scritti Politti made would have been described once as selling out. Today, it is seen as good business sense and, supported by Green's fluency, a sound aesthetic decision. There is nothing inherently wrong in recognising the complete and utter pointlessness of inhabiting the extreme intellectual ghetto squat Scritti Politti once consigned themselves to. Especially as, in those days, the stuffing was argued out of the music before it was even played.

But to sacrifice so completely the power, the deliriousness of living at a critical edge that went into their early experiments for a music that is basically bland and anonymous, might be viewed as a capitulation of sorts. It is all the sadder because there is precious little documentation of first generation Scritti Politti.

Two scrappy EPs survive that period, containing bare, stripped melodies and brute rhythms only carried by Green's already sweet voice — even if it then laughably flaunted a Canterbury-classless accent. For all their retrospective charm, they lack the reputed passionate ferocity and noisy invention of their early live performances.

Whatever, the intensity, the mindfucking incestuousness of it all, finally made Green ill. He went home to the Welsh mountains to recuperate where he wrote, by his own definition, a massive tome to extricate himself from the ideological web that had brought Scritti Politti to a halt. It also presented a platform for Scritti Politti's future direction. Having to go to such absurd lengths to convince fellow members of a change in policy seems absurd to outsiders. Just what were the ties that bound them so closely, necessitating such a step?

"I don't know," puzzles Green. "It is bizarre isn't it? I look back on those times and wonder how it was so incredibly close, yet so formal. Theory and anaylsis was treasured not for their own sake but because we realised the alternative was a kind of indulgent lawlessness. It comes from having to understand your own history and the conditions of your own production and not to consider yourself a free agent. You have to understand the forces operating on you and take stock of them and wonder how things might be read — how they might be heard.

"The alternative to that seemed to mean confining oneself to irrelevance, if you didn't acknowledge a political dimension. And if that dimension was to go beyond common sense or a refined bigotry then you have to have some analytical tools to deal with it. That was why at one and the same time we were very close but treasured that discursiveness. We probably felt it was fairly slobby to do anything else. But I should have seen it coming, I suppose, it just blew itself out of all proportions."

I warm to Green far more than I do to his explanations, excuses or theories. Accurate his observations might be, but they do seem to take Scritti Politti even farther away from realising the pop music they purport to make. I mean, who else would describe the childish act of miming with a tennis racket to The Beatles and The Rolling Stones as his "Lacanian mirror phase"? Anyway, I've had my say. Now it's Green's turn.

BOHN: Once Scritti Politti's intellectual phase was over, how did you go about rediscovering intuition?

GREEN: It's a question of allowing it in yourself really. Along with the glamour and guilt of the theory heydays went the obverse side, which is a self-denial. A self-denial of the things beyond the rationale, which was succinct in terms of political theory we'd grown up with. Which is basically a post-marxist one. Oh no, Here I am talking like this again. I wish to God . . . It's only when I meet the *NME* I talk like this. . .

The point I was trying to make in my review of 'Asylums . . .' was that the very nature of your approach immediately removes people from the direct experience popular music is supposed to be.

No, I don't think so, because I don't talk like this and increasingly rarely do I think like this about the music the group makes. Seriously! I've let myself be horribly, irresolutely passionate about it! In the making of it, all aspects of it.

Since coming back from the mountains, so to speak?

I'm not sure I want to describe it like that — since I've come back from the hospital I've let myself dribble and act like a . . . hmm. When I was in hospital I was torn between giving it all up and coming back to have another go. I discovered I had a real compulsion to do it, because I'm driven by a real love for it. Maybe the fact that to all intents and purposes Scritti had failed in their previous carnation to achieve anything other than a peculiar mythical status had something to do with it. That no longer seemed to be honest to me.

All the things I genuinely did find attractive about punk, when I got involved, were subjugated discursively in favour of talking about the politics of it. It seemed to be more significant to the other people involved, like the bass player Neil, who has subsequently left. But the emphasis has changed since I've back. I said: "This is the last bit of theory you

get out of me! What comes next is songs. If you want to play them, go and do them, if not I'll find someone else to do it!"

I gave myself an ill-formed trial period: If this gets enjoyable or begins to work within six months then I'll stick at it. It did! The release of 'The "Sweetest Girl" ', working with Robert Wyatt and meeting other people. It got very enjoyable. The challenge of it was quite interesting. . .

Putting 'The "Sweetest Girl" ' in quotes seemed to be deliberately ambiguous, sitting on a fence — I'm not really writing this love song. . .

I wouldn't describe it as sitting on the fence — more an expression of heterogeneity — something that has different and contradictory elements in it certainly. It came out of a number of different readings of the world and it was open to a number of different readings in itself. I wasn't hedging my bets with that song, or anything else. I suppose at the very least the inverted commas that went around sweetest girl were attempts to condition the dodgy reading and the dodgy history of pop lyricism, you know, it's a small way of trying to approach pop lyricism, I think . . . There, I'm talking about it as if it were drawing board stuff, which it wasn't.

The subsequent selling of 'The "Sweetest Girl" ' seemed like a boardroom campaign, what with the use of fine art sleeves. ***(In case you haven't seen them, Scritti's three recent singles have all parodied the packaging of "the good things in life" — cigarettes, perfume and brandy.)***

They weren't fine art. They had a cheap, classiness, not a tacky classiness, but they're kind of stylish things that are available as consumer disposables. . .

Aren't they just clever quotations of somebody else's style?

No, I don't think so. No, that ridiculous. Without being presumptuous, it would be like saying to Duchamp: "That's not you urinal!" It's crazy! It's all *bricollage*. It has to be *bricollage!* Things around you, you pick them up and use them. Very often I prefer the economy of certain things that are already in currency. It's more a question of articulating elements that are already there. You realise that you don't have to write your inscription, your signature, your ego, your idiosyncrasy so heavily into everything. Well, our use of that packaging fulfilled all these functions. They were pirated because they look quite stylish and eye catching. Also they did set up a certain number of resonances, which you could ponder if you wanted. Or you can just see them as wry, attractive sleeves.

To get to your songs — the *bricollage* approach of using familiar lines most notably opening 'Gettin' Havin' Holdin' with "When a man loves a woman. . ." — aren't you afraid of losing your signature altogether?

No, no, no. That would amount to self-erasure! It's just a question of understanding that the idiosyncratic element of things can be left to find its own form of expression. You don't have to sit there and think: "Is this really me?" Well, of course you do that, but to labour over it to the extent we previously did, and other people still do, is absolutely useless and *a priori* commits you to an irrelevance because you set up your own reading and your own history and your own reference and that's just dull.

There were very definite reasons for using all that lover's rock and soul language. The fact that through the years it has worn meaningless, like MOR pop — you've heard it all before, but those words are largely vehicles for notes, if you like, and an expressivity. On the other hand they become a lot more significant because around them has accrued such a history. That language is an index of black popular music and its crucial functions at various points in history. And it seemed apposite at the moment to use it as a cipher for talking about things in a way that all the wilful expressivity of us (circa 78/79) and PiL — all that scratching blades along bass strings, feedback and reverberating drums — was horribly disfunctional, to be honest.

In soul language you found an economy of strength and style and power. Like when you hit The Staple Singers for the first time, it's really something else. All these anonymous effectives in their music drawing so much out of you! The sexuality, the rhythm, the language, everything was so powerful and popular! It seemed much more effective to use that than carry on going down to The Electric Ballroom, putting four tons of reverb on the tom toms and jabbering through an echoplex!

But didn't you consider falling back on soul language, rather than working out your own, as some kind of defeat?

Falling back? That's a very pejorative way of putting it! I don't think of it that way. What we really need most at the moment is a re-reading — what Jacques Derrida called the violence of re-opening tomes. You actually do need to dig things up and fuck them over. You actually to have to say "Hold on you've read this all wrong!" All writing is just re-reading. And that the ten songs (nine actually — at least on the advance tape of the Scritti LP 'Songs To Remember') in part revisited soul music had nothing to do with being at a loose end and thinking "What can I dig up now?".

There are a lot of people nowadays who are thinking what the fuck can they do that is novel. Which isn't to say what we do is not novel. For instance there's no way you can imaginge Ben E. King singing those songs. It's just that I made a point by using some of the style, of us genre. Id disagree very much with the idea of us *falling back* on soul language!

As your songs are rarely narrative are they just constructed as a series of images — triggers to elicit certain responses?

No, they're not narratives in most instances, but I don't set out with a blueprint or a plan how they should effect or affect the change of people. I suppose it works a lot more intuitively than that. Some of the songs are quite clever, but they're not clever-clever. They're not clever dicky songs in that awful way that people like . . . er, sometimes Squeeze, or B. A. Robertson or 10cc are. Just dumb clever dicky songwriters. It's not like that at all. Neither is it self-conscious word-play or po-faced polemic. It's just that the way I write them naturally gives rise to reference to some of our history in terms of language. There's nothing precious in them though.

CONTINUES PAGE 28

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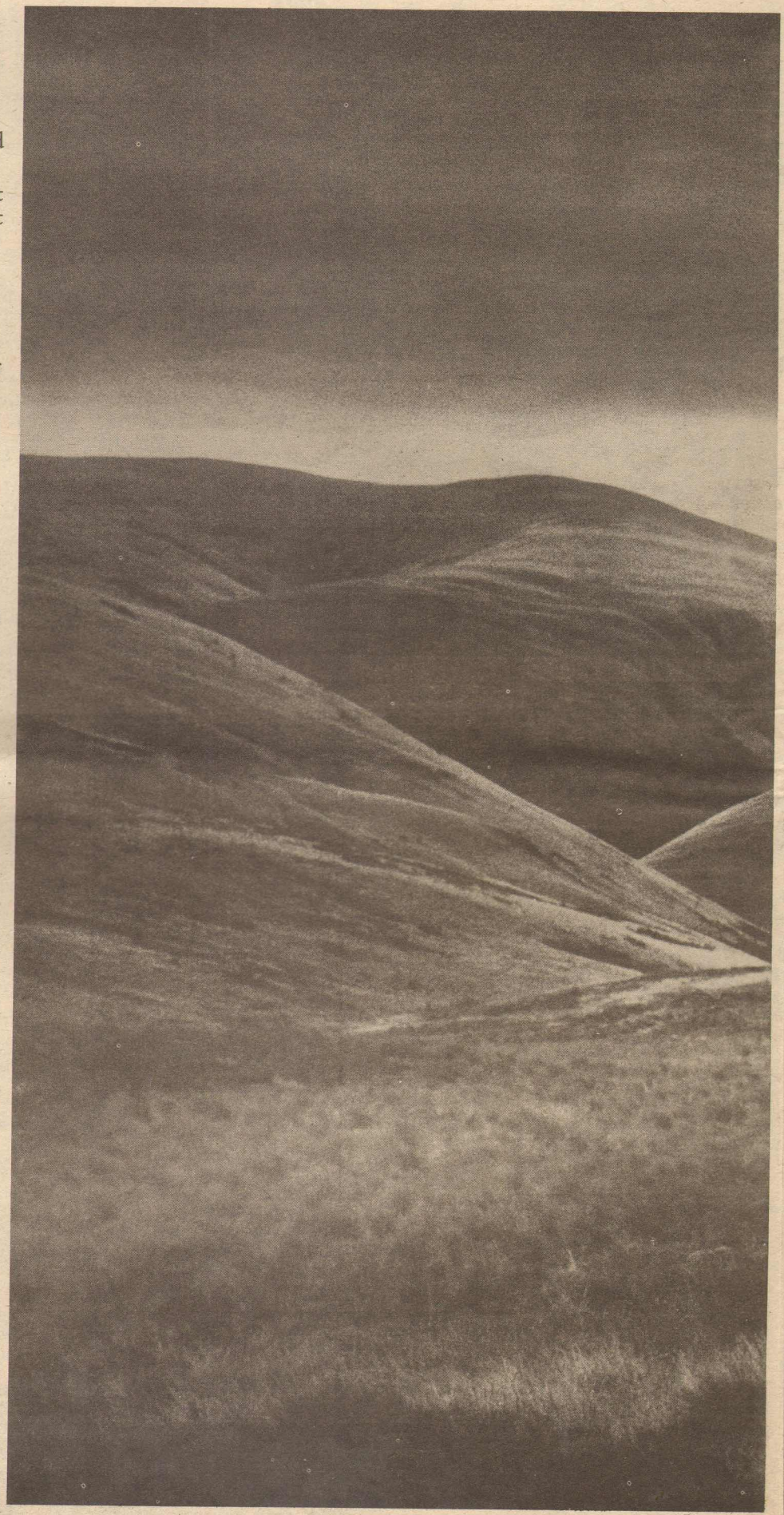

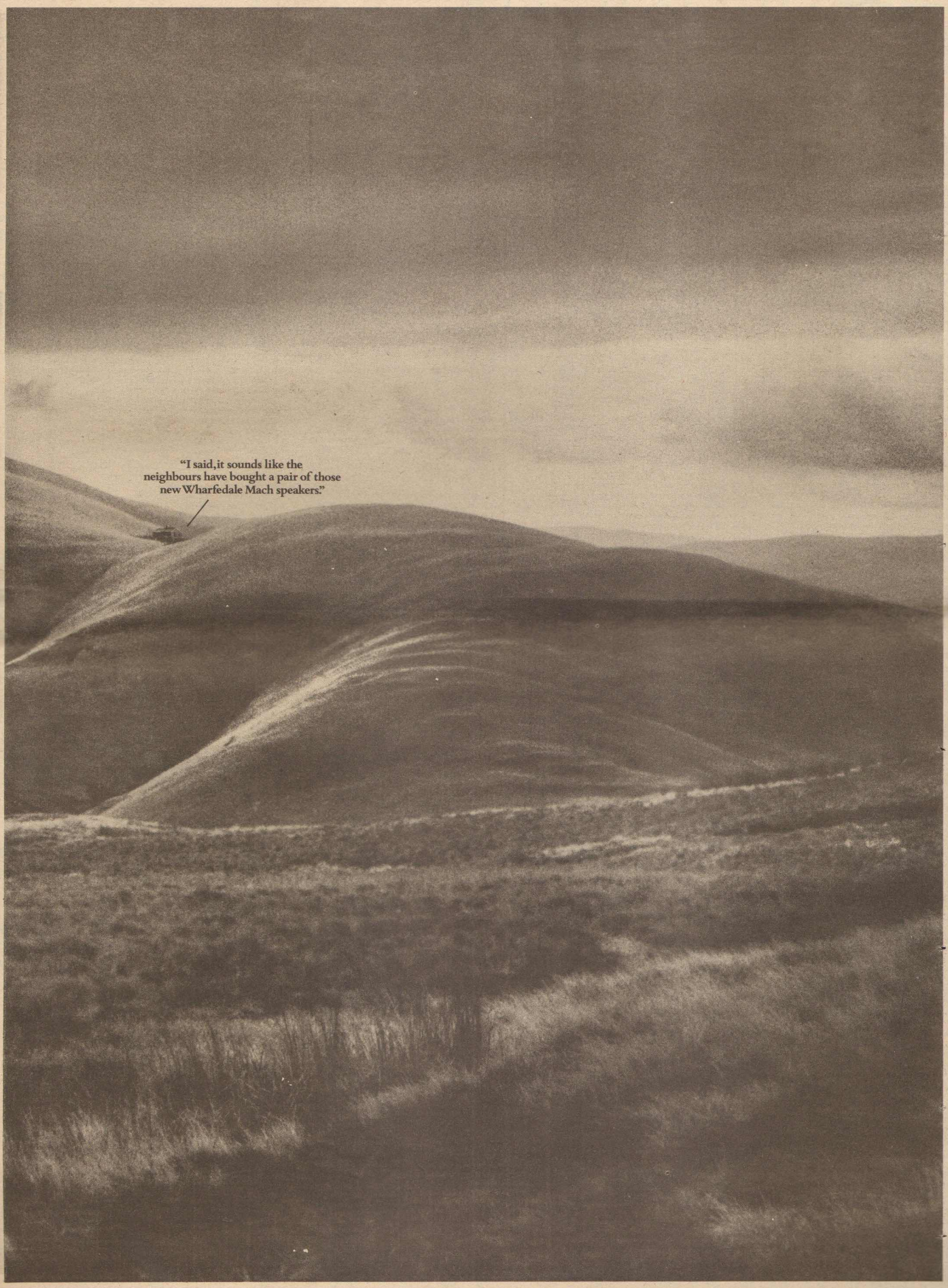
"I said, it sounds like the neighbours have bought a pair of those new Wharfedale Mach speakers."

SCRITTI POLITTI

FROM PAGE 25

Someone yesterday asked me if I thought there were more to our songs than to a Haircut 100 single. Well, one of the big answers to that is I'd probably find more in a Haircut 100 single than Haircut 100 put into it. In terms of readings or writings then a song is as closed or as exploded as you or I wish to make them, which isn't to reduce it to some horrible, anarchic, endless relativism. . .

Okay, so how would you describe your 'Sex Sex Sex' for instance? What's it all about?
I dunno. Most of the songs are really funny songs to me. I shouldn't imagine anybody takes a line like *"I'm in love with Jacques Derrida/Read a page and I know what I need ta/Take apart/My baby's heart. . ."* (from 'Jacques Derrida') seriously, you know. It's funny! 'Sex Sex Sex', er, *"Don't bush around the beat/This is the soul of indescretion/So let's get indiscreet"*— You know, it's gentle parody of me and my relationship with pop music and the genre itself. But that's not the main focus. It's just to make good records. . .

That's a bit glib.
No, no. I dunno. There's some funny . . . I just find it quite funny, I'm sure. It's no self congratulatory thing. It works! Well, it did work when I wrote it.

You once said you hoped Scritti Politti songs would have the power to change people's lives.
Only in the same way that the best music I have come across has affected me quite powerfully. I hope my music would have the power that I find in the music I like best . . . an effective power and that's a very difficult thing to talk about. I mean you can cobble together a map and talk about it in terms of ideology, psyche, rhythm and sexuality. Or you can talk about music like *The Face* does in terms of style and cultural reverberations. But the truth of the matter is that the phenomenon of popular music is a lot more complicated than that. It is all of those things. For me, it's actively wanting to be part of all those things, signifying on all those levels. But you can't plan or legislate for that. It is an intuitive thing, you can only provisionally understand its potential effectiveness.

In the pursuit of perfection. . .
No, no, no, that's not fair! I don't know why you should think what we're doing is in pursuit of perfection.

How about the LP's session feel, the anonymous nature of the music. . .
Maybe that's because nobody knows yet who or what Scritti is, maybe if the LP had come from a group you were a little more familiar with . . . I'm just trying to account for the fact you think it's sessiony. No, the recording of it

was nothing like that at all. It was a very passioniate record for me.

Anyway, combine that impression I have with the lines you pull from the past and where does one look for the Scritti signature?
It comes from the intention and the conditions of its making. It is of the people who write it and play it. Because I think it is good . . . the basic untheorizable, unrhetorical level of just being very good music and very good songs. Its individuality is marked by how good it is and the style of all the individuals involved. I have to give a commensensical answer to that, because that's the way it is. . .

On that commensensical level, it seems that Green is coming out of the closet, showing his public face.
I didn't want to do it, but it is fairly important I do come out and make the ground clear. As I've said before, it's no good paying lip service to popular music unless you're prepared to have your music be popular. If it means doing *Pop Pix*, giving lyrics to *Smash Hits*, doing this or that, then I'm happy to do it. And it's *not* at the expense of anything. I don't like people to think it's an impoverished thing to have to do when it isn't; For the time being it is the most interesting or most salient thing to be doing, compared to almost anything.

Aren't you a bit wary of talking about pop during this current phase in which everybody is talking about it?
It has become horribly overblown by now. The myth of the burgeoning new pop is now spent. When we first took it up it seemed like the no-bullshit option, a time to take a grip on this thing or fall by the wayside. But now with this whole pop thing I don't like to use the phrase anymore, whereas I was very anxious to use it two years ago.

At the same time the packaging and selling of Scritti makes clear their interest in the marketing processes of pop.
I'd be a damn fool if I didn't keep abreast of what's happening in market terms! Again we're looking at things synchronically and diachronically. You do get interested in the whole idea of marketing and the fact that leisure time consumption is a fairly interesting thing.

On a value for money thing, six songs (out of nine) on the Scritti LP have already come out on singles.
It's about par for the course as far as I'm concerned. I've fretted too long about other people's pockets in the past. Today the significance lies elsewhere. If you want to nitpick, I don't moan about Michael Jackson releasing every single from 'Off The Wall'. If people think it's a raw deal they don't have to buy the record. That really isn't worthy of losing sleep over.

***(In marketing terms)* What's the significance of the real signatures on the 3000 posters given away with 'Asylums . . .'?**
Oh, that was a high art joke! They were great fun! I just thought of them as signed, limited edition prints. (laughs). People asked for the previous posters, so we thought we'd just give some away and hope that some people seeing the signatures would think, Ooh that's nice. As a marketing strategy I don't think it's very effective.

Do you see any comparisons between Scritti and ABC, in terms of ABC's elaborate marketing aesthetic?
I think they did if fairly trashily actually . . . they're a bit hack.

But at the same time theirs succeeds. . .
It does work.

Whereas yours. . .
Well, Jesus Christ, I could have gone into the studio with Trevor Horn and given him five notes and five words . . . if it weren't for a stick of *Erace Plus* and Trevor Horn, I don't know where old Martin Fry might be! To say his is successfully functioning when mine isn't is rubbish. I've neither been in the position to afford Trevor Horn, nor do I want him. If ABC is evidence of a total usefulness perhaps we're talking at crosspurposes. I'm trying to make records on my own terms, not Trevor Horn's or Phonogram's. I'm not being pious about it. It's a different thing.

Do you have some definition of quality you stick by?
No. It's not a precious thing, nor is it particularly proscribed by political fervour. It's not a question of retaining standards, it's just a question of what suits you.

In terms of marginality and the mainstream, where do you think Scritti fall now?
It's a very indistinct area. The conditions of marginality change all the time, depending on the state of the market, depending on so many facts. It's very hard to tell from week to week whether you are marginal or not, unless so decreed by your own wilfulness or the critical response to you.

Some so-called marginal groups enter the mainstream on their own terms, DAF, for instance — nobody could've predicted the commercial potential of their minimal electronics until after it started selling. In Germany, that is.
I don't know how peculiar DAF are to Germany, but are you implying you don't think I operate on my own terms?

Only that, in your case, there are more obvious references to pop.
You think that's true? But I mean, nine tenths of it has to be rhythm; that's what I follow — the great law of rhythm. You have to be kind of revisiting history as long as you continue to play four/four or six/eight. That is the history of Western music, and unless you make a radical departure from that, then your departures are all to do with indices of style.
It's interesting to ponder why the assertion

CONTINUES PAGE 38

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LPs

BREAKING UP IS HARD TO DO

THE WHO

It's Hard (Polydor)

WHAT'S HARD? Life? Being Pete Townshend? Or breathing life into The Who — an old institution with no clear idea of its place in the current scheme of things? Whatever the title's portent, this album sounds like it's struggling through a variety of difficulties — and overcomes none of them.

I could say The Who's new LP improves on the last one, 'Face Dances', although frankly that's not saying an awful lot. Where the previous effort was an aimless, random scrapbook of vague and half-realised musings, the present collection is at least consistent in addressing itself more or less to a single theme: how to live now, in the teeth of horror, without comfortable illusions or self-deceit. Trouble is, such is the material's scrupulous attention to honesty that you wonder why they don't acknowledge the final facade, and admit that The Who have become the band out of time.

With the exception of just a couple of tracks — significantly, the ones where The Who aren't playing like The Who — Townshend's songs are all but thrown away, tethered to a formula they've plainly outgrown. The group is a dogged old warhorse, loyally serving out its time in harness to a blinkered determination: rock will stand, right up to the day it keels over backwards. Or else they're a monument, grand and proud, but now caked in pigeon-shit and ignored by the new generations who populate the public square. Either way (for Pete's sake, and Roger's, and everyone's), there must be other avenues found.

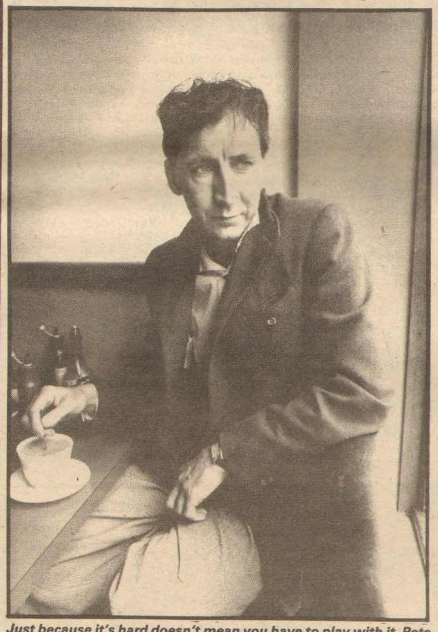
There are three John Entwistle songs, all sturdy enough, but doomed to second rate-hood in contrast to their company — even though (especially as) they make awkward attempts to blend with it. The bassman should go off and relax and jam with Joe Walsh to his heart's content. Drummer Kenny Jones could look elsewhere, too; he'll not starve.

Roger Daltrey must have enough career options open, as well. The one thing he shouldn't be doing is mischief to the stuff that Townshend's turning out nowadays. The songwriter's preoccupations now are nuclear oblivion ('Why Did I Fall For That', 'I've Known No War'), and reconciling public faces with private truths ('Eminence Front'). Where the lyrics are subtle, all their suppleness is crushed by the need to tie each syllable to this lumbering tumbril of trad-rock. Where the message is sensitive and self-doubting, it's demolished by the demands of one of the 'great rock voices', which is more suited (strait-jacketed?) to bronzed brazen chest-beating.

For all I know, Daltrey may be genuinely aggrieved that *"People are suffering . . . hungry . . . lonely"* ('Cook's County'); he may sincerely be worried by the destructive aspects of macho role-playing ('A Man Is A Man'). But is he the man to say it? It's not just him: the whole group, Pete included, feel obliged to play in a way that pulls the carpet from under them. Only the neat melodic invention of 'A Man Is A Man', and the odd moment of sexual tenderness 'One Life's Enough' offer respite from an otherwise stodgy onslaught.

Even if Townshend's recent solo LP has its duffer music (the numbers unerringly chosen as singles), on the whole it suggested a more productive course for him to take: namely his own, his very own. Sod democracy for a lark, Pete. I like you better playing Hitler.

Paul Du Noyer



Just because it's hard doesn't mean you have to play with it, Pete. Pic: Chris Bates

Gregory Isaacs
Illustration: Ian Wright

BUMPING AND BORING

GREGORY ISAACS

Night Nurse (Island)

IT'S SINGULAR how Gregory Isaacs releases a better number of tunes as good as 'Night Nurse' over the past decade and longer, and as good a number of better, yet never achieves the merit Single of the Week, nor usually so much as a review of any kind, until his debut for Island Records, but we'll let that pass for now.

Mr Isaacs sustains an exalted position in reggae music. Only Dennis Brown consistently emulates his success, with the Yellowman currently as popular as both and Bunny Wailer well to the fore too for the most part, though the latter's recent funk excursion harmed his reputation a bit amongst aficionados and caused some few discontented grumblings. In the fantasy world of the rock media, however, coverage of reggae music is generally reserved for the likes of Steel Pulse, Third World, Black Uhuru and similar Island associated acts, little of whose music is to be heard anywhere on the club and dub circuit, although Denzil at Columbos used to rub Third World's 'Now That We've Found Love' a few years back during his *soul* spot; while the aforementioned artists, the true delegates, attract but scant attention. We'll let this pass as well.

As much is likely to change now for Gregory Isaacs, even though the 'Night Nurse' album represents no departure of any kind whatsoever from the singer. Personally, I require only a limited selection of one artist's work in my life, as a man's single vision palls upon extensive reprise, and in my opinion the creative impulse of Gregory Isaacs in recent times lacks comparatively with earlier achievements. He is too inclined to drawl somnolently these days, a cool, suggestive pose that has been perfected nearly to the point of self parody; whereas previously he used to stretch his voice, never markedly you understand, but indeed to sing out with some certain emphasis.

Still, it remains a most pleasant noise. I cannot fault either the songs, their arrangement or production. In fact, 'Night Nurse' indicates a definite improvement on much of Mr Isaacs' immediately antecedent material; with 'Hot Stepper', 'Objection Overuled' and 'Material Man' my own preferred of the eight titles. And of course 'Night Nurse' itself, with the sly lyric: *"I don't wanna see no doc. I need attendance from my nurse around the clock. There's no prescription for me, she's my only remedy."*

If you are not familiar with the voice of Gregory Isaacs I recommend you listen here, but advise your location of his GG 'Best Of . . .' or the extra classic 'Extra Classic' for greater reference.

Penny Reel

SWEETNESS AND LIGHT

SCRITTI POLITTI

Songs To Remember (Rough Trade)

HERE IT is: Scritti Politti's greatest hits. Let me assure you that this isn't a problem (I like albums with lots of singles on) and that this opportunity to wander through the recent past is both salutary and welcome. After all, 'Songs To Remember' is the album that could well turn out to be an essential part of the next movement of The Great Bedsitter Soundtrack: music for intelligent, sensitive and confused middle-class youth living in very small rooms.

'Songs To Remember' is by no means inappropriately titled: there is something unfinished about most of the tracks, which makes them sound like notes for songs or ideas for songs. More accurately, they sound like ideas *about* songs. This is probably more likely to be due to the way the music has been produced (by principal Scrit Green plus Adam Kidron) than to any songwriting deficiency, but the end result is the same: everything seems to be taking place in quotes (or in a bracket, for that matter.)

So 'Sex' and 'Lions After Slumber' are 'ideas' about disco; 'A Slow Soul', 'Gettin', Havin' And Holdin' and 'Faithless' are 'ideas' about soul ballads; and 'Rock-A-Boy Blue' is an 'idea' about swingtime, the latter tailing off with an exceptionally protracted finale involving a gorgeous solo for stand-up bass executed by someone credited only as Mgotse. Everyone is credited with first names only except for Green, incidentally.

Unsurprisingly, Green dominates the proceedings: everything associated with Scritti Politti is attributable to him except for the dreadlocks.

His voice has always been intriguing (can I convince you that I've always been really into Scritti Politti? Didn't think so.) and he's been one of the few British vocalists to make any kind of serious attempt to draw on the kind of phrasing and tonality introduced by Robert Wyatt. Some markedly transatlantic inflections have crept in — he pronounces 'Beatles' just like an American at one point — but the tone of voice remains persuasive, reasonable and calm. It is the voice of sensible English eccentricity, the voice of *The John Peel Show*, the voice of the more self-effacing variety of British progressive rock.

Which — despite all the talk about 'beat music' and the old 'Skank Bloc Bologna' warnings about the intrinsic entrapments of language — is where 'Songs To Remember' fits in. It's by no means a disturbing record to listen to (which is *not* to suggest that 'disturbing' records are by definition more worthwhile than others), which is why it could appeal to the timid, but Green's lyrical preoccupations — language, definitions, the way one's preconceptions determine and control perception — would intrigue the curious. The album contains its fair share of felicitous musical invention: the way 'Jacques Derrida' starts out as a sort of Beatley country song and ends up as a rap is a masterly conception.

Elsewhere, Green accurately catches The Soul Ballad one in the eye by defining it as *"the language of gettin' havin' and holdin' "* and even using a sizeable quote from 'When A Man Loves A Woman' to make his point clearer. 'Rock-A-Boy Blue' takes up a different challenge: that of the Pop Hero. *"Things ain't clear, they're just transparent/ the trick of the trade is to make 'em apparent,"* sings Green over a lightly swinging back-beat. *"You just like what you're used to/ you could get used to being used by rock-a-boy blue/ baby, more fool you."*

And would you believe that the whole thing comes to a massive, flag-waving, choral bring-our-boys-home finale with your old fave from *C81*, 'The "Sweetest Girl" '? These pop boys . . .

'Songs To Remember' is witty, ingenious, likeable and probably in the public interest: there is no earthly reason for Green, Kidron and their cohorts not to feel very proud of it. It could well be successful in a fairly large way, and should attract attention from media quarters which previously held a blind eye to the telescope. All this notwithstanding, there is something missing; a certain solidity, perhaps. Maybe the flimsiness is part of the appeal. Whatever: can the day when sub-editors on *The Sun* reach hungrily for headlines like THE NITTY GRITTY OF SCRITTI POLITTI be *that* far away . . . ?

Their outlook? Bright but wet.

Charles Shaar Murray

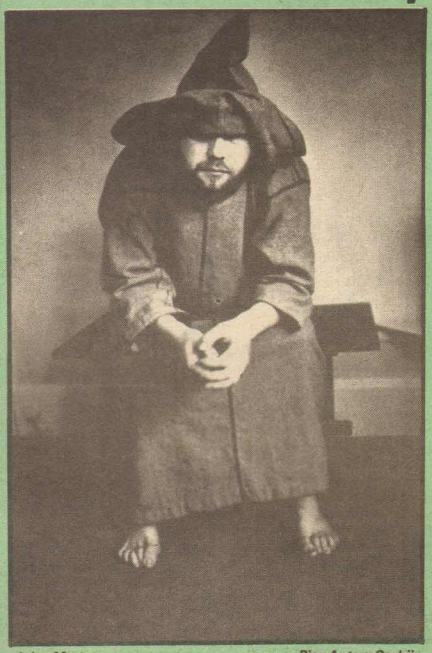
THE FIRST ALBUM FROM

Scritti Politti

Songs to Remember

ROUGH TRADE RECORDS · ROUGH 20

'ELLO JOHN, GOT A



John Martyn Pic: Anton Corbijn

JOHN MARTYN

Well Kept Secret (WEA)

I LIVE with the constant nagging worry that my house will soon burn down.

Everytime I shut the front door I'm convinced that I shall return to find nothing but a smoking charcoal frame between numbers 88 and 90 with the front door standing free and theatrical. Oblivious at first, I thrust the key into my "thief-proof" mortice lock whereupon the door falls backwards with a sad groan leaving me staring blankly through the smoke clear into Rotherhithe New Road. Out comes a neighbour who says, "Here's your milk, we took it in. Your sister called round. We salvaged these three LPs."

Now for a moment let us forget the ludicrousness of the foregoing statements. (My sister never calls round without phoning first.) What three LPs would I wish to see? And let's confine ourselves to rock. First off and without doubt there's Earth Wind & Fire's 'I Am' — then again I always keep around 60 copies of this in the house so the law of averages says one of them must've survived. Then I think, there's 'A Wizard A True Star' by Todd Rundgren.

THANK YOU FOR TALKING

ORCHESTRA MAKASSY

Agwaya (Virgin)

ETOILE DE DAKAR

Thiapathioly (Ledoux — French import)

THE BIG difference between last year's short-lived Salsa craze and the current buzz about African pop is that the African music we're hearing is at least played by African musicians. If Island had signed Tania Maria back then, like they've just signed Sunny Ade, maybe we'd all be into Brazilian rhythms by now.

As it was, Blue Rondo A La Turk were the popular face of Salsa and everybody fell over laughing. This time around, with Fela Kuti, Sunny Ade and Orchestra Makassy now available here on major labels, there's less danger of the real thing being buried under a hefty pile of bandwagon jumpers and Chris Sullivan blouses.

Orchestra Makassy hail from East Africa, but to untutored ears like mine their music has points in common with Sunny Ade's Nigerian Juju. Though less densely textured, and without those sudden surges of Hawaiian steel, 'Agwaya' too is light, fluid and graceful, rolls to a patter of delicate drums, and comes embroidered with restrained but beautifully melodic guitar lines.

'Mambo Bado', already released as a 12", is a misleading trailer for this music. Its emphatic horns and hard funk riffs are nowhere else in evidence on the LP, which moves to a gentle swaying dance beat. The guitars are, for me, the record's chief charm, lending a freshness and distinction to tunes like 'Zimbabwe' — a celebration of independence — and the more typical lovesong, 'Mke Wangu', though the latter also boasts a great whooping vocal from band leader Mzee Makassy (a Curtis Mayfield lookalike).

Add to this the harmonies on 'Athumani', the sheer *tunefulness* of 'Nakolela Cherie' or 'Molema', and the cool, clearеyed swing of the whole, and you'll see why 'Agwaya' is as good as any pop record this year, and rather better than most.

Etoile De Dakar are better still; their 'Jalo' was my favourite track on the first 'Sound D'Afrique' album. The 'Thiapathioly' LP, just purchased, is undated, but a bright, shiny cover suggests a recent release date. All I know about the band is that they're from Senegal, they've made a

Mzee Makassy

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NEW ALBUM?

The third one, he said just about to link up the review, would be a John Martyn record. 'Solid Air' or 'Inside Out'.

John Martyn records are the type that get thrown on just before you take your shoes off immediately after the statement "I've had a poxy day". For anyone that's bought them over the years they become warm and familiar. They fit. The LPs have a heart and integrity that offer revitalising strength rather than a bland pipe-and-slippers reassurance. As soon as Martyn's unique voice slurs in, well . . . well I nearly said "It's that Condor moment" but that's not what I mean. It's just, that writing about records has become a duty to me over the last couple of years, however much I've gone barmy over this or renounced the whole of that, John Martyn records have never been part of it. They belong to that odd division of music that I play off duty, for real. They don't count as records in the wretched dog-eat-dog chase of rock writing. They're home base, and while not some precious sacred cow, certainly beyond style.

The last few records have seen Martyn coasting. The sound that was once picked, open and atmospheric is now more obvious and complete. Was a time when you'd start a John Martyn track with absolutely no idea how it would turn out. (John Martyn himself appeared to be in an identical position most of the time.) Now you don't have to listen half so attentively, the Fender Rhodes gives the song away completely after a few bars.

The songs are warm and intelligent nonetheless, still John Martyn, and a majority of 'Well Kept Secret' is pacier and, well, louder than he's ever been on one album before. But it's still the slower tracks that sucker me in. 'Could've Been Me' and 'Hung Up' hold the most for me and even though *all* of side two is filled with busy punching good records the cosy old sentimentalist in me would've traded it all for a few cooing throbs from Danny Thompson's upright bass of old. But let the man breathe Dan I say to myself.

It's a good record, a class record, by an artist I've always wanted to write about . . . but now feel like it's probably pointless — too much like work. And another thing. In 1975 when they relea...hang on... do you smell burning?

Danny Baker

The Four Tops *Pic: Adrian Boot*

GETTING BACK ON TOP

THE FOUR TOPS

One More Mountain (Casablanca)

WHEN MARVIN Gaye recorded 'What's Going On' in the early '70s it was part of an important transition for the Motown label, its mixture of the spiritual and socio-policital overview giving the label and its music new vitality and maturity. Renaldo Benson of The Four Tops played an important part in this reawakening, co-writing several songs on the album. Meanwhile the Four Tops, along with several of the top Motown vocal combos of the '60s, encountered barren years, the victims of changing times and taste.

To their credit the Tops never tried to wear a cloak that didn't suit them; their true forte was singing love songs, powerful songs that burned with pain or passion, the tremendous flamethrower in a firefight vocals of the mighty Levi Stubbs. So while loads of people made prats of themselves by going for the disco floor or the political soapbox The Four Tops bided their time and saved their integrity, confident that some day their bride would come, a songwriting /production partnership to take the place of Holland, Dozier and Holland.

Last year, while all the apprentice hairdressers talked about creating the ultimate in pop experiences, something modern but, y'know, *ree-eely* soulful, along came The Four Tops and stole their thunder. Two impeccable singles — 'When She Was My Girl' and 'Don't Walk Away' — brought all the group's talents and strengths back into a clear, refreshing perspective. Forget the homegrown bilge and bluff, the professionals were back to show how it should be done — here was the *real* music of quality and distinction.

'Tonight', the LP that sired those two marvellous singles last year, was a moderate success; 'One More Mountain' is better, much better. There's a lot more punch and confidence to the songs and the performances here and the voice of Levi Stubbs makes them all sound all the better, his unique mixture of depth and coarseness gets richer and more potent with age.

The single you should already know, have bought and put in the charts, A crisp, sophisticated song, with a great harmony arrangement by the group's Lawrence Payton, its power and magnificence matched by the rest of the record bar two slightly wet, unadorned ballads at the end of each side. There's a cast of thousands involved in all the different arrangements, mixes and songwriting on the record, but this time it's all been worth it.

Producer Dave Wolfert and Bill Myers know how to give the songs a sassy modern setting and a dancebeat which isn't workaday disco mundanity. The rest is left to The Four Tops, and they carry it off like champions.

The harmonies on 'Givin' It Up' are worthy of particular note, the horns on 'One More Mountain' are great and. . . all in all a smart match of talents. It sounds prouder, stronger and far more straightforward than most of the records you'll hear this year; I'll certainly take it over and above Spandau, ABC, Soft Cell, etc, as an example of primetime '80s soul-pop.

They're not about to eclipse their Motown heyday, but at this pace and high standard they're coming much closer than most of use would have thought possible.

Gavin Martin

TO ME AFRICA

series of LPs under their previous Anglo-name of Star Band Of Dakar, and their music is utterly captivating.

Whereas Orchestra Makassy or Sunny Ade are recognisably pop, Etoile De Daker have a bluesy, soulful quality that's hard to define. You can hear it best in the lead singer whose voice, whether high in wavering muezzin cries or delving into strange visceral barks, has a raw timbre that recalls both old bluesmen and the sensual vocal flights on Holger Czukay's 'Persian Love'.

Senegalese music — if Etoile De Dakar are at all representative — is minimal, raggedy and given to flashes of mournful grandeur. The songs move like stories, their rhythms shifting, racing at the end. The singing predominates but the music too is full of unexpected twists: the percussion's clattery scurries, the guitar's low-key swell, the horns' abrupt swings from brash to tender.

There are Spanish influences, too — little flamenco flourishes, the stately fatalism of Mexican cowboy film music — while the voices wail and chatter like a kind of gummy Greek chorus. After a year of such stale homegrown music — from Yazoo's toytown pop to Dexys' hand-me-down angst — it's no wonder people find African sounds so novel and exciting.

I hope they're all a big hit here. The few people I've heard recently — Prince Nico, Ebeneezer Obey, Number One Du Senegal — were like a great gust of fresh air; and there's a whole continent of music to enjoy and learn from. As Eddy Grant once put it, *"Hello there, Africa"*

Graham Lock

PLEASURES OF THE FLESH

MEAT PUPPETS

Meat Puppets (SST/Thermidor, import)

PHOENIX, ARIZONA may or may not be the baking arsehole of the universe, but one thing is certain: music of this almost other-worldly nature could not be created within the confines of the civilised world. It could not be born in New York, or London, or even LA. It is music that pleads a kind of lost madness as its guiding inspiration.

The Meat Puppets are a Phoenix trio of gangling post-punk hippies whose World Imitation EP of last year, 'In A Car', struck me as a record of almost impossible innovation. For them there is no possible category. The group take such obviously irreverent delight in so various a panoply of sources that they stake their limits outside the frame of influence itself. Hardcore hillbilly metal: any takers?

With this their first long-player, distributed by Black Flag's SST label, the Meat Puppets add a further dimension to the concept of the garage band. A 14-track, 45rpm assault on the history of rock'n'roll, 'Meat Puppets' is music of such excessive abandon it leaves the major part of the hardcore hierarchy looking limp and lost for words.

At the same time, it is possibly the most inventive demonstration of the interplay between guitar, bass, and drums ever recorded. The secret of the Meat Puppets is that they are near-virtuosos, three of the most inspired musicians living under the sun. Guitarist Curt Kirkwood is transparently the incarnation of some violent, subliminal force of ecstacy, while brother Chris (bass) and drummer Derrick Bostrom are, even hurtling along at Bad-breakneck-Brains tempo, as calm and uncluttered as the greatest jazz propeller.

A spluttering, electrocuted Cream, the group sound like they live not just on the edge of the desert but on the edge of time itself.

From the distance of Europe, of course, this music may seem banal and chaotic. But through its waves of excess, it discretely drags a backwater swamp of buried myths and frustrations; as an art it is highly controlled. The 14 bursts of noise sound like snippets from a country anthology extracted and remixed to bring out their hidden implications of disturbance. The trio turn obscure relics of an older West, like 'Walking Boss' or Bob Nolan's 'Tumblin' Tumbleweeds', into spectral incantations, weird and wistful drifts through the saloon bars of a ghost town.

At the same time they sing with a reckless barbarity which all but chokes on its own grotesque appeal to adolescence; compared with a Jake Burns or a Henry Rollins of Black Flag, the Meat Puppets sound like zombie cannibals. The very lack of subtlety in this area becomes a kind of self-defeating aggression, as though the lyrics (printed on a handsheet) were sung intelligibly because the new Californian street rebels only understand such slogans.

The lyrics are in fact superb: out of such pockets light pours. Like Flipper, the Meat Puppets accept America for what it is, knowing that even hardcore is just another highly orchestrated aspect of its dream. *"Don't start talking about how things gonna change/You know we don't believe you . . ."* But where Flipper come on a bit like a Frank Zappa version of Killing Joke, the Puppets are as laid-back as Jefferson Starship. In fact, while playing as frenziedly as the hardest, most desparate hardcore, they are simultaneously as *loose* as the best Californian groups of the late '60s.

Conjuring spirits of an America that is both mysterious and obscene, the Meat Puppets at the same time preserve an essential scepticism. They are highly aware of their audience, its conditioning and its assumptions, and never allow their instruments to form a triumvirate platform for chesty rhetoric. Even when throwing out a sarcastic snub like *"Oh yes for sure it's my life's call/Entertaining for folks short and tall,"* they half mean it. They're as much a part of an antique barroom tradition as the oldest bluesman in Mississippi.

Somewhere between Rudimentary-Peni and George Jones, then, lie the Meat Puppets. They will probably never leave Phoenix. *"The rain falls/Softly on the barren trees/Across the ocean blows a little breeze/Soon my factory's gonna shut down/I'll go back to the accepting ground/But until that day this walking mire/To greater heights will aspire."* If you can imagine such exquisite lines screamed by a psychopath frothing at the mouth, you may have caught some idea of the paradox which lies at the heart of this group's curious intensity.

Barney Hoskyns

Meat Puppets *Pic: Neal Holiday*

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tour NEWS

- *Elton John goes mad*
- *Kid Creole extra dates*

Au Pairs come again

THE AU PAIRS, still struggling to pronounce the name of their new synth player — actually it's Tina Wawrzynowicz — have confirmed a few of the dates for their forthcoming UK tour. Venues are Coventry Warwick University (October 5), Sheffield Poly (8), Manchester Poly (13), Glasgow Night Moves (14) and Edinburgh Herriott-Watt University (15). Tickets are priced: Coventry (£2.75); Sheffield (£2.00 advance, £2.25 door) Manchester (£2.00); Glasgow (£2.50 members, £3.00 others) and Edinburgh (£1.50).

KID CREOLE AND THE COCONUTS forthcoming tour of Britain has proved such a punter-puller that several extra dates have been added, including two more London gigs. The band have also insisted on playing in Belfast, so the tour now starts in Eire at Dublin Stadium on September 30, moves on to Belfast's Maysfield Leisure Centre on October 1, and then plays Aylesbury Friars (5), Hanley Victoria (6), Nottingham Rock City (7), Sheffield Lyceum (8), Lancaster University (9) plus four already sold out shows at Hammersmith Odeon on October 11, 12, 26 and 27. The new London gigs take place at the Lyceum on November 21 and 22, immediately after the Coconuts return from Europe. The box office opens this Friday (3) and all tickets are priced £5.00.

LINTON KWESI JOHNSON presents two shows of poetry and reggae at Edinburgh's Assembly Rooms Music Hall on September 10 and 11 at 7.30 pm. Tickets are £3.00 from the Assembly Rooms Box Office.

BUZZZ, the funk-inclined seven-piece, bring their Buzzzrock show to the following venues shortly: Hickstead Cinderellas (September 24), Treforest Polytechnic Of Wales (25), Aberystwyth University (29), Bristol Polytechnic (30), Newton Abbott Seale Hayne College (October 1), Birmingham University (2), Bath University (4), York University (6), Warwick University (7), London Queen Mary College (8) and Loughborough University (9).

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY, The Fall and New Order are to headline at the first-ever independent music festival to be held in Greece. The event takes place in Athens on September 17, 18 and 19, with Greek groups appearing as supports at each of the gigs.

TOM ROBINSON has already started a 'Tom Robinson Midnight Cabaret' season at The Wild Man, in Edinburgh's Assembly Rooms. The show, which runs until September 11, features Robinson on keyboards, with support from Cosmetics drummer Steve Laurie and assorted tapes of sequencers and drum machines. Despite its title — "just my little joke," quips Tom — the event begins daily at 4pm, a time which ensures that younger fans and those living out of town can enjoy the show without having to walk home. Robinson adds that the gigs will be used as "a creative exercise, a chance to work on new material in a stable situation."

The next Tom Robinson LP will be 'Cabaret '79', a live recording from the London Gay Pride Week shows of 1979, due for release shortly on Robinson's own Panic Records.

NICO, whose new single has been produced by Martin Hannett, attempts a three-night 'varied' stint at Manchester's Band On The Wall Club on September 6, 7 and 8. On the Monday (6) she appears with a rock oriented band, Tuesday (7) finds her in solo mood, while at the final gig (8) a jazz setting is to be arranged. Both the rock and jazz outfits are being put together by Dave Formula, keyboardsman of Magazine and Visage acclaim. Tickets for the gigs are available from Piccadilly Records of Manchester, priced £2.50 for Monday and Wednesday and £2.00 only for the solo jaunt on the Tuesday.

CLINT EASTWOOD and General Saint, just back from a four week trip to Jamaica, play a free concert in London's Bishop's Park, Fulham, tonight (2). The event is to be televised as part of the Beeb's *Riverside* series.

ELTON JOHN, undeterred by the poor box office returns suffered by other star rock acts, has announced a UK tour that lists no less than 42 dates — including 14 nights at London's Hammersmith Odeon!

Dates are: Newcastle City Hall (November 2 and 3), Edinburgh Playhouse (4 and 5), Dundee Caird Hall (6), Glasgow Apollo (7 and 8), Sheffield City Hall (10 and 11), Liverpool Empire (13 and 14), Blackpool Opera House (15 and 16), Manchester Apollo (17, 18, 19), Birmingham Odeon (21, 22, 23), Cardiff St David's Hall (25 and 26), Nottingham (27 and 28), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (December 3 and 4), Southampton Gaumont (5 and 6), Brighton Centre (7) and London Hammersmith Odeon (9-16 inclusive plus 19-24 inclusive).

For the tour, Elton will be accompanied by his band, which comprises the three members of the very first Elton John Band — Dee Murray (bass), Davey Johnstone (guitar) and Nigel Olsson (drums).

Tickets for the London shows are £9.50, £8.50 and £7.50, while those for all other concerts are £8.50, £7.50 and £6.50. Postal applications are already being accepted at the various box-offices while personal callers will be able to purchase tickets as from Saturday (4).

"Nurses save lives, Tories make you sick": Kool sings the new 'Give Them The 12%' boogie that's sweeping the nation. Pic: David Corio

Big Kool fun

KOOL AND THE GANG, highly chuffed with the UK success of their current single 'Big Fun', embark upon a brief British tour during October. The dates, promoted by Ian Wright for TBA, include three nights at London's Victoria Apollo (October 15, 16 and 17) followed by shows at Manchester Apollo (19) and Birmingham Odeon (20).

Tickets, priced £7.50, £6.50 and £5.50 for the London dates and £6.00, £5.00 and £4.00 for the Manchester and Birmingham gigs go on sale at the relevant box offices immediately. The tour follows the release of a new Eumir Deodato produced album 'As One', scheduled for September 24.

MATUMBI, Max Romeo and Horace Andy have now finalised dates for their 'Reggae Shuttle '82' and are set to play London Dingwalls (September 15), Manchester Hacienda (16), Huddersfield Cleopatra's (17), Sheffield Top Rank Suite (20), Birmingham Romeo And Juliet's (October 19) and London Venue (20).

TYGERS OF PAN TANG release their latest MCA album, 'The Cage' this week and then hitch lifts up to Newcastle where they open their Autumn tour at The Mayfair on September 3. Other tour dates are: Sheffield City Hall (4), Hull City Hall (5), Hanley Victoria Halls (7), Chippenham Golddiggers (8), Manchester Apollo (10), St Albans City Hall (11), London Hammersmith Odeon (12), Tunbridge Wells Assembly Rooms (13), Oxford Apollo (14), Birmingham Odeon (15), Liverpool Empire (16), Middlesbrough Town Hall (17) and Edinburgh Town Hall (17) and Edinburgh Playhouse (18).

● ASSOCIATES RESHUFFLE

THE ASSOCIATES rescheduled gig at Edinburgh Playhouse on September 20 has been cancelled, this news coming at a time when the band were expected to announce a whole string of rearranged dates.

But it seems that Billy MacKenzie's throat ailment has proved more severe than at first suspected and there will now be a commercial or two before activities are resumed, the first commercial being that The Associates are having their first American pressing of the 'Sulk' album released in Britain by WEA on September 17. It will be on the Sire label and features four substitute tracks in '18 Carat Love Affair', 'Love Hangover', 'The Associate' and 'White Car In Germany', the last two items being recorded at the 'Sulk' sessions. The album also includes a remixed version of The Associates' recent hit 'Party Fears Two'. A special cassette edition will be available on the same day, side one of the tape carrying the American version while the reverse features the British version.

THE POINTER SISTERS, as exclusively forecast by *NME* last week, are coming to London to play the Dominion. But the dates have been changed and the sisters now play the venue on September 21 and 22. Tickets for this Danny Betesch/MAM Promotion are priced £6.50, £5.50 and £4.50.

● TAJ MAHAL, ICA, COMSATS DATES

THE ICA in London's The Mall present a Dial M For Music Week which starts next Tuesday (September 7) and runs through till Saturday (11). On Tuesday, the event gets underway with big band Lost Jockey, followed on Wednesday by Regular Music and the Michael Nyman Band. Thursday finds the nutty Ivor Cutler combining with Phyllis King, this twosome sharing the bill with The Ravishing Beauties. Then Lindsay Cooper plays her film music and more on Friday, a night that also finds Slapp Happy making a rare one-off appearance. Finally there's the pay-off night on Saturday, when Eddie and Sunshine and The Pale Fountainss head the bill.

Also on view throughout the week is a special video installation by Brian Eno, whose ambient video *Mistaken Memories Of Medieval Manhattan* plays in the ICA bar and restaurant as a visual accompaniment to Eno's 'On Land' soundtrack.

23 SKIDOO, Design For Living, Portion Control, TV Personalities, Eternal Scream and Wake Up Army, the latter being a rap affair featuring an *NME* writer *(thinks — can it be Monty Smith?)* form the line-up at the Second Alternative Knebworth Festival, which is, naturally enough, being held at Knebworth House, Knebworth, Herts, on Saturday, September 4. Tickets are set at £2.40 but if you turn up clutching a copy of this week's *NME* then there'll be a reduction of 50p!

TAJ MAHAL and The International Rhythm Band play a one-off London concert at Kensington's Commonwealth Institute on Saturday, November 6. The show forms part of Taj Mahal's European tour and is being organised by Black Productions. Tickets are priced £4.00, obtainable from most good booking agents.

THE COMSAT ANGELS play three selected dates this month to promote 'Fiction', their third album, which Polydor are releasing on September 10. Dates are: Liverpool Warehouse (September 13), Leeds Warehouse (14) and London Venue (15).

DAVE, DEE, DOZY, BEAKY, MICK AND TICH, plus The Troggs, The Nashville Teens, The Tremeloes, Dave Berry, Junior Campbell, The Swinging Blue Jeans, Cliff Bennett, Rockin' Berries, Merseybeats, Wayne Fontana, Chris Farlowe, Roy Wood and Carl Wayne, Sandie Shaw plus link men John Peel and Tony Blackburn and other '60s survivors appear at a Music Therapy benefit concert which is being held at London Hammersmith Odeon on September 21.

NEIL INNES will be presenting his one-man show at London Islington's King's Head Theatre Club for three weeks, from September 6 through to September 25.

● *continues over*

● *Ella, Basie, Steve Lacy*

Jazz on an autumn night

ELLA FITZGERALD, the Count Basie Orchestra, the Oscar Peterson Trio and guitarist Joe Pass bring a little jazz music to London's Royal Festival Hall this month. On September 18, 19, 24 and 25 all four acts appear onstage, while Ella does a solo concert on September 21, the Peterson Trio and Joe Pass appear on 22 and the Basie Orchestra plays a concert on 23. Tickets for shows featuring all four acts are set at £20, £17.50, £15.00 and £12.50 while the other nights are priced £15.00, £12.50, £10.50 and £8.50.

STEVE LACY, leading newjazz soprano saxist, teams his sextet with masterly jazz keyboard player Keith Tippett on a tour that visits: London Round House (November 7), Leicester Phoenix Arts (11), Llantwit Major St Donat's Arts Centre (12), Bristol Arnolfini Gallery (13), Sheffield Crucible Theatre (14), Newcastle Corner House Hotel (16), Darlington Arts Centre (17), Manchester Band On The Wall (18), Leeds Playhouse (19), Kendal Brewery Arts Centre (20), Birmingham Strathallan Hotel (21) and Coventry Warwick University Arts Centre (22).

JAKI BYARD, the jazz pianist who worked regularly with Charles Mingus, Booker Ervin and Roland Kirk, is joined by three European improvisers — Irene Schweizer, Howard Riley and Alex Von Schlippenbach — for the Piano Forty tour, which starts its bout of Steinway mania at London's Camden Jazz Festival in October. Dates are London Round House (October 25), Manchester Band On The Wall (28), Birmingham And Midland Institute (29), Coventry Warwick University Arts Centre (November 1), Leicester Phoenix Arts (2) and Llantwit Major St Donat's Arts Centre (4).

GUEST STARS, the much acclaimed women's jazz band, play three dates at London's Arts Theatre Club as part of that venue's Women's Jazz season. Dates — all Sundays — are September 5, 12 and 26. The remaining Sunday (19) features singer Jan Ponsford with her quintet. Details from the Club box office on 01-836-7541.

THE JAN PONSFORD QUINTET and trombonist NICK EVANS are the first guests at a new jazz venue, the Club Extempore, which opens above the Enterprise pub in London's Chalk Farm, on September 11. The club, which is run by the musicians themselves, will operate at weekends and features singer Jan Ponsford every Saturday while Sundays are devoted to improvised music — a core group of Jim Dvorak (trumpet), Maury Coles (sax), Paul Rogers (bass) and Roger Turner (percussion) being joined by special guests who, for September, include Nick Evans (12), drummer Eddie Prevost (19) and singer Maggie Nicols (26).

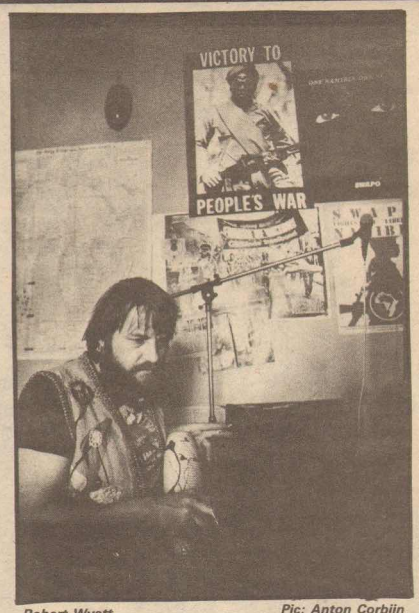
A second venue for improvised music, the Club Improv, opens at the Adams Arms, Conway St, W1, on September 6 and will run on Monday nights. Again, a basic group — here Maury Coles, Marcio Matteus and Eddie Prevost — will be supplemented by guests such as trombonist Paul Rutherford (6) and guitarist John Russell (13).

THE CIMARONS, now sporting a new bassist in ex-Black Slate man Elroy Bailey, are currently in training to deal with motorway cafe nosh when embarking on an extensive UK tour which includes trips to: Whitehaven White House (September 10), Huddersfield Stars Bar (11), Coventry Busters (15), Sheffield Limit (16), Colwyn Bay Pier (17), Preston Snooty's (18), Middlesbrough Raffles (20), Edinburgh Playhouse (22), Glasgow Mayfair (23), Liverpool City Of Liverpool College (24), Wolverhampton Bilston Rising Star (27), Basildon Racquels (30), plus 10 October dates which will be announced next week. The group's latest single, released this week by Safari, is a version of 'Big Girls Don't Cry', The Four Seasons' 1963 hit.

JOE COCKER plays his first hometown gig for 10 years when he appears at Sheffield Lyceum on September 20 and 21. Seats are priced £6.50 and postal bookings should be sent to the Lyceum Box Office, Tudor Way, Sheffield, all cheques being made payable to Thermabbe Ltd.

AC/DC have announced one more concert at Leeds Queens Hall. This takes place on October 1 and tickets are set at £5.00 plus a 30p booking fee, these being available from Virgin Records in Leeds and Sheffield, HMV in Bradford and various agents

THE NASHVILLE TEENS, currently celebrating their 20th anniversary, continue their trip down Tobacco Road with gigs at High Wycombe Nags Head (September 2), Oxford Witney Eynsham Hall (3), Shepperton The Goat (5), Telford Ampitheatre (11), Wolverhampton Patent Club (17), Guildford Stoughton Royal Hotel (18) and Wimbledon Nelson's (19).



Robert Wyatt *Pic: Anton Corbijn*

record NEWS

● **Gil Evans, Anthony Braxton, Ronald Shannon Jackson** and **Air** have joined **Ornette Coleman** on Island's jazz label Antilles. Braxton's 'Six Compositions Quartet' and Air's '80 Degrees Below 82' are already in the shops, while drummer Shannon Jackson's 'Man Dance' is due on September 13 and Gil Evans' 'Priestess', a live LP from the late '70s, is scheduled for November release.

● **Bobby Womack's** 'Secrets' single, taken from his 'The Poet' album, comes out on Motown on September 10. Also released on Motown this week is Diana Ross's 'Old Funky Rolls', a single originally planned for August 6 but delayed due to pressing difficulties. The B-side is 'The Boss', a 1979 hit for Lady Di.

● **A Johnny Thunders And The Heartbreakers** live album, 'DTK — Live At The Speakeasy', recorded in March, 1977 is out soon. The tapes were recorded by Track Records but gathered dust for five years in manager Lee Black Childers' lawyer's office after the company went bust.

● **Pinksi Zoo** release their latest recording on September 6. It's a mini-album produced by Adrian Sherwood and the band themselves and retails for around £2.40. Titled 'The Dizzy Dance Record', it's on the Dug-Out Records label and acts as an aperitif for the band's forthcoming album, scheduled for November release.

● hats MUSICS are releasing a live double LP by **Albert Ayler**, the brilliant saxophonist who died in mysterious circumstances in 1970. The LP, 'Lorrach/Paris 1966', is taken from that year's European tour by Ayler's band, which included his brother Donald on trumpet and Michael Sampson on violin. The record is distributed in the UK by The Other Label.

● **Cecil Taylor's** 'Student Studies', **Art Ensemble Of Chicago's** 'Message To Our Folks', **Archie Shepp's** 'Poem For Malcolm', and **Spontaneous Music Ensemble's** 'One, Two, Albert Ayler' form Affinity's next batch of jazz releases, due out in early September. Also from the same source — Charly Records — come two R&B 10" albums: **Pee Wee Crayton's** 'Peace Of Mind' and **Billy The Kid Emerson's** 'Crazy 'Bout Automobiles'.

● **Fad Gadget,** who's been working on his third album, is to release a single stemming from the recording sessions. Titled 'Life On The Line'/'4M' the disc is to be rush-released by Mute.

● **Neil Young,** in town for some Wembley gigs this month, has his Geffen debut single 'Little Thing Called Love' out on October 26. An album, titled 'Trans' should show up during October.

● **Flag Of Convenience,** the new band formed by ex-Buzzcocks Steve Diggle and John Maher has signed a worldwide deal with Sire and has a debut single 'Life On The Telephone' on September 10.

● **The Castaways,** a four-piece all-girl vocal group, have their first single released this week. It's called 'Dream Maker', is backed by a reprise of the same number and it's on Virgin.

● **Evelyn King's** latest album 'Get Loose' is being rush-released by RCA. It features a full length version of her recent hit 'Love Come Down' along with seven new cuts.

● **Gary Glitter's** latest Bell single is 'Be My Baby', a version of The Ronettes' 1963 hit, which is out this week. Recently returned from Oz, the glittery one is likely to flaunt his way around the UK tour circuit in October.

● **Frida,** red-haired female quarter of **Abba,** has a solo album out on Epic. Titled 'Something's Going On', the record was produced by Phil Collins and engineered by Hugh Padgham at Stockholm's Polar Studios.

● *Springsteen, Gabriel LPs*

WYATT SINGS ELVIS SINGS SMOKEY

The ever-wonderful **ROBERT WYATT** applies his plaintive but appealing pipes to an Elvis Costello-Clive Langer song 'Shipbuilding', which gains a Rough Trade singles release this Friday (3). Back-ups are handled by Steve Nieve of The Attractions (piano), Mark Bedders of Madness (bass), Martin Hughes (drums), Clive Langer (organ) and Elvis himself joining Wyatt on harmony vocals. The B-side is 'Memories Of You', an evergreen ballad penned by original ragtime pianist Eubie Blake.

Meanwhile, **ELVIS COSTELLO AND THE ATTRACTIONS** have their own single planned for F-Beat release on September 10. Neither of the sides comes from the 'Imperial Bedroom' album, both being new recordings. 'From Head To Toe', the A-side, was written by Smokey Robinson, while the B-side, 'The World Of Broken Hearts', was penned by Pomus and Shuman, the songwriting team who supplied so many hits for the other Elvis.

Both Wyatt and Costello are to be heard on a forthcoming *NME* tape. So hang on to your rewind buttons!

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN has a true solo album on September 24. Titled 'Nebraska', it was recorded at Springsteen's New Jersey home on a four-track tape deck and features America's biggest US Bonds and Mitch Ryder freak playing all the instruments on the album as well as supplying lead and back-up vocals.

The track listing reads: 'Nebraska', 'Atlantic City', 'Mansion On The Hill', 'Johnny 99', 'Highway Patrol Man', 'State Trooper', 'Used Cars', 'Open All Night', 'My Father's House' and 'Reason To Believe'.

All the songs, like everything else, are Brooocie's own, the only other guys getting any credit being co-producers Chuck Plotkin and Mike Batlin.

PETER GABRIEL has a new solo album — his fourth — out on Charisma next Friday (10). Predictably it's called 'Peter Gabriel' and is an eight-track job recorded at Gabriel's West Country home and mixed at Crescent Studios, Bath. Also released on the same day is a single called 'Shock The Monkey' backed with an instrumental, 'Soft Dog'.

ADAM ANT has a new CBS single in the shops on September 11. This one's called 'Friend Or Foe' and it's backed by 'Juanita The Band', both songs being written by the Antman and Marco Pirroni. A new album is currently in production.

STEVIE WONDER has a new Motown single released on September 10. The A-side is 'Ribbon In The Sky', one of the four new tracks on the 'Original Musiquarium' LP, while the reverse is 'Secret Life Of Plants' the title track from Stevie's 1979 dip into the world of Percy Thrower.

Albert Ayler *Pic: Val Wilmer*

THE STRANGER

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nationwide GIG GUIDE

thursday 2nd

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brentford The Red Lion: **Uno Rufo**
Borden Standford The Robin Hood: **All Tomorrows Parties**
Brighton New Regent Xtreems: **Pale Fountains, Bang Utot**
Brighton New Regent: **The Quick**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Coventry Theatre: **Hot Chocolate**
Durham, Fasfield, Washington Co, Biddick Farm Arts Centre: **George Melly & John Chiltern's Feetwarmers**
Eastcote Bottom Line: **Gonzalez**
Edinburgh Assembly Rooms: **Tom Robinson**
Fareham (Hants.) The Fernham Hall: **Look Back In Anger/Caught In The Act/Voltz**
Hemel Hempstead Cellar Rock Club: **Stopband/Freebird**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Nashville Teens**
Hitchin The Regal: **Hot Quisine**
Inverness Ice Rink: **The Dolphins**
Leeds Peel Hotel: **Whammer Jammer**
Liverpool 2, Pyramid Club: **Open Wind / Reel To Reel**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Duffo**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Juice On The Loose**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Swamp Features (ex Electric Bluebirds)/Realists/Otters**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Zerrai**
London Cricklewood Hogs Grunt: **Sketch**
London Deptford The Albany: **Gaspar Lawal & His Drum Oro Band/GB Blues Co & Root Jackson**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Inline**
London Fulham Rd New Golden Lion: **Straight 8**
London W1 (Gt Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus R**
London, Islington, Pied Bull: **The Beatroots / Section 10**
London Kensington Ad Lib Club: **The Masked Orchestra**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London N7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London NW1 Murray St. Kennedy Hall: **Loose Tights**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Dolly Mixtures**
London, 2 Princes St. Le Beat Route: **The Mo-Dettes**
London Putney Half Moon: **The Dance Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bill Brunskill Band**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Cabassa**
London Stockwell Rd. Old Queens Head: **D B Campbell**
London The Strand The Dive: **Troops of Tomorrow**
London Victoria The Venue: **Cheetah**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London W1 Sol Y Sombra: **Afro Toshiba & The Flying Rasses**
London W14 The Adlib: **Masked Orchestra/Silhouette**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Julian Bahulas Jazz Afrika**
Milborne Port Tapps: **Headless Horsemen**
Northampton Silver Horse: **Energy**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Mortal Disguise**
Peterborough The Pastilion: **Precious Little Idols Play**
Preston Clouds: **Blue Rondo**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Madness**
Sheffield City Hall: **David Essex**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents/The Fighting Tikkas**
Southampton Canute Hotel: **The Now/Look Back In Anger**
Swansea Barron's Club: **Blue Feather**
Swansea Coppermans Arms: **Inner City Unit/Ghost**
Wolverhampton The Woodhayes: **Sub Zero**

friday 3rd

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys.**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teaser**
Birmingham The Junction Inn: **Headbolt/Alfie Noakes**
Bradford Hollings Road Palm Cove: **Ik**
Brentford Red Lion: **Little Sister**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Blue Feather**
Chesterfield (Derbyshire) Brimington Tavern: **Dawn Trader**
Colwyn Bay Pier: **Hot Quisine**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlie**
Croydon The Star: **Dumpy's Rusty Bolts**
Dudley JB's Club: **Split Image**
East Stour Hall: **Headless Horsemen**
Edinburgh Assembly Rooms: **Tom Robinson**
Edinburgh Queens Hall: **Orchestra Jazira & Friends**
Enfield Starlight Rooms (2 nights): **George Hamilton IV**
Folkestone Royal Norfolk Hotel: **English Rogues**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Energy**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Dream Cycle 7**
Havant (nr. Portsmouth) Arts Centre: **Look Back In Anger**
Hitchin The Regal: **Matchbox**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Tony Poole & Iain Whitmore**
London Camden Dingwalls: **No Dice/The Jungle**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Mickey Jupp Band/Zodiacs**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Jo-Anne Kelly's Second Line**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Dancing Did**
London Cricklewood Hogs Grunt: **Unlimited Source/Steve Pheasant's Phab Jazz Phive**
London E9 Chat's Palace: **Schoolsbackbedoobop**
London Fulham Kings Head: **The Snorkles & Snorklettes**
London Fulham Rd. New Golden Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Truth/Any Anxious Colour!**
London Holborn Red Lion: **Anne Clark, Patrik Fitzgerald**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Oxy & The Morons**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Dana Gillespie**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Julian Bahulas Jazz Afrika**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Sexagisma/The Czechs**
London Putney Half Moon: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Putney The White Lion: **Drama**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Original East Side Stompers**
London Shepherds Bush The Wellington: **Dave Ellis Band**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London St. Johns Wood The Crown: **JJ & The Jealous Guys**
London Stockwell Rd. Old Queens Head: **London Apaches**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **David Essex**
London Victoria The Venue: **Sniff 'N' The Tears/KK Khan**
Luton Technical College: **Marillion**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Saracen**
Newcastle Emlyn The Plough: **Inner City Unit/Ghost**
Newcastle Mayfair: **Tygers of Pan Tang**
Newcastle-upon-Tyne Comerhouse Hotel: **George Melly & John Chiltern's Feetwarmers**
Oxford New Theatre: **Hot Chocolate**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **The Spoilers**
Redhill Lakers Hotel: **The Dance Band/Stomping Pondfrogs/Exotic**
Southampton (Woolston) New Bridge Hotel: **Crossfire**
Stockton Bentleys: **Roles Of Croquet**
Welwyn Civic Centre: **Moving Images**

saturday 4th

Alcaster Kings Court Motel: **The Photos The Set / John Caswell Band**
Aldershot Queens Rd. West End Centre: **The Polka Dots / Ted & The Tarts / The Millhouse Boys**
Aviemore The Osprey Rooms: **The Dolphins / The Duff Party**
Barrow-on-Hunber Haven Inn: **Whammer Jammer**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham Odeon: **Hot Chocolate**
Brentford The Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
Bristol Hippodrome: **David Essex**
Carshalton Cottage of Content: **Dumpy's Rusty Bolts**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies / Stuttering Jack & The Hart Attacks**
Croydon The Warehouse Theatre: **John Cooper Clarke / Peter Campbell**
Dudley JB's Club: **Stan Webb Band**
Edinburgh Assembly Rooms: **Tom Robinson**
Enfield Starlight Rooms: **George Hamilton IV**
Hertford The Woolpack: **Scarlet O'Hara**
Kinghorn Cuinzie Neuk Club: **Pallers**
Liverpool The Masonic: **French Lessons**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
London Brixton Fair Deal: **Carmel / Ruts DC**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Jay Lazar & The Phantom Orchestra**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Main Squeeze**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Ik**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Manufactured Romance**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Furious Pig**
London Cricklewood Hog's Grunt: **The Creamies / Head To Head**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Julian Bahulas Jazz Afrika**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Dana Gillespie**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Remipeds / Zena Zerox**
London E9 Chats Palace: **Music Hall**
London Fulham Rd. New Golden Lion: **Jacky Lynton**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Movements Gay Disco**
London Kensington At Lib Club: **The Helicopters**
London N4 Crouch Hill Stapleton Hall Tavern: **Dave Ellis Band**
London Old Bond St. The Embassy Club: **Pleasure and the Beast**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Praxis / His Create He / Weightwatcher Cabaret**
London Putney Half Moon: **Crannog**
London Putney The White Lion: **Mambo Jambo**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **New Era Jazzband**
London 69 Peckham High Street: **The Ivory Coasters**
London St. Johns Wood The Crown: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover / Makka**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Spirit Level**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **25th Street**
London Victoria The Venue: **Boystown Gang**
London W1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Gilly Elkin Band**
London W14 The Adlib: **Zen Attack / The HP Giants**
Manchester The Gallery Peter St. Festival Club: **George Melly & John Chiltern's Feetwarmers**
Musselburgh Fisherrow Annex: **Twisted Nerve / Nervous System**
Newport IOW St. Mary's Social Club: **Wally Watts Band**
Oakham The Rutland Angler: **Radar**
Retford Porterhouse Club: **Saracen**
St. Helens Royal Raven: **Rhythm Squad**
Sheffield City Hall: **Tygers of Pan Tang**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Bob Gilpin's Inheritance**
Stevenage Knebworth House: **23 Skidoo**
Swindon Moonrakers Ballroom: **Squire**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pesta**

sunday 5th

Aldershot Queens Rd. West End Centre: **Alexei Sayle/The Human Beings**
Ashford (Kent) The Jollymiller: **Silent Rooms**
Basingstoke Haymarket Theatre: **George Melly**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brentford The Red Lion (lunchtime): **Fast Buck**
Brentford The Red Lion (evening): **Rodeo**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Corby Festival Hall: **George Hamilton IV**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Hot Chocolate**
Edinburgh Assembly Rooms: **Tom Robinson**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Hull City Hall: **Tygers of Pan Tang**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Leeds Central Station Hotel: **The Volunteers**
Liverpool Liberty Hall: **Babylon Rebels / Open Mind.**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea The Latchmere (lunchtime): **Paul Lacey Band**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Camden Dublin Castle (lunchtime): **Dave Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London Camden Dublin Castle (evening): **Doc K's Blues Band**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Decoy Avenue/ETA**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Breakers**
London Fulham Rd. New Golden Lion: **Chickenshack**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **David Essex**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Elton Dean Group**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Liaison**
London No.11 Standard Sports Club (lunchtime): **Young Jazz Big Band**
Northampton Old Five Bells: **Energy**
London Putney Half Moon: **Little Sister**
London St. Johns Wood The Crown: **Dana Gillespie**
London Stockwell Rd. Old Queens Head: **Steve Waller & Stevie Smith**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Niama**

□ CONTINUED OVER

Cornwall calling *Madness pic: Anton Corbijn*

MADNESS play their only date in Britain this year at St. Austell Coliseum in Cornwall today (Thursday).
TOM ROBINSON's "Midnight Cabaret" sessions at Edinburgh Assembly Rooms combine until September 11th, each day starting at 4 pm
MIKE OLDFIELD starts his British tour at Manchester Apollo on Wednesday. TYGERS OF PAN TANG head off after Reading on their tour, starting in Newcastle tomorrow.

nationwide GIG GUIDE

☐ *FROM PREVIOUS PAGE*

London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Trafalgar Sq. St. Martin's Crypt: **Robin Dransfield**
London Wimbledon Nelsons: **Blackfoot Sue**
London W1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Trevor Richards Quintet**
Newcastle Under Lyme Bridge St. Arts Centre: **Tower Struckdown**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
Peterborough The Glasshouse (lunch): **Boys White Teeth**
Shepperton Upper Halliford Road The Goat: **Nashville Teens**
Whitworth Festival: **Fault**

monday 6th

Ayr Odeon: **The Blues Band**
Belfast Queen's University: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Borden Standford The Robin Hood: **Kevin Brown**
Brentford The Red Lion: **The 45's**
Edinburgh Assembly Rooms: **Tom Robinson**
Edinburgh Queens Hall: **Boys Of The Lough**
Glasgow Cinders Disco: **The Duff Party**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Run Rig**
Holmfirth Postcard Inn: **Fault**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Keighley El Funhouse: **CNT Label Bands**
Keighley Funhouse: **Newtown Neurotics / The Redskins / The 3 Johns**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Moscow Philharmonix / Natural Scientist / Matinee Idols**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Polkadots**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Perfect Gift / Stranger Comfort**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Laslo & The Leopards**
London Fulham Rd. New Golden Lion: **Too Many Westerns**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **David Essex**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Holloway Allstars**
London Mile End Rd. New Half Moon Theatre: **Rubella Ballet / Soldiers Of Destruction / Stress / Chaos**
London NW2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Old Brompton Road Troubadour: **Danny Gardner**
London Putney Half Moon: **Noel Murphy Band**
London Victoria The Venue: **Naked Lunch / 24 Hours / The Jungle**
London W1 (Maddox St.) Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London W14 The Adlib: **Dark Design / Perfect Strangers**
Manchester Golden Garter: **Gloria Gaynor** (for a week)
Reading Hexagon: **Hot Chocolate**
Sandown IOW The Court Jester: **The Choir** (until Saturday, except Thursday)
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Watford Bailey: **Gary Glitter** (for a week)

tuesday 7th

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Teaser**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Bradford Mollnys Road Palm Cove: **One Way System/Complete Disorder**
Brentford The Red Lion: **Zorick II**
Edinburgh Assembley Rooms: **Tom Robinson**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Run Rig**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **The Blues Band**
Hanley Victoria Halls: **Tygers of Pan Tang**
Hull New York: **Whammer Jammer**
Leeds Grand Theatre: **David Essex**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Intros / Into The Blue, Arena**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Slim Sam**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrecktangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **G B Rockers/Box 33/The Captions**
London Cricklewood Hog's Grunt: **Costa Blanca**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Cardiac Arrest**
London Fulham Rd. New Golden Lion: **Darryl Way**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Eastern Alliance**
London Kensington Ad Lib Club: **Decoy Ave**
London Putney Half Moon: **Cayenne**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Victoria, The Venue: **Tiger/Brunel**
London W1 (Gt. Portland St.) The Albany: **The Nice Men**
London W14 The Adlib: **Decoy Avenue/Triple Echo**
London Woolwich Tramshead: **Wipeout/The Escorts**
Swansea Liberal Club: **Nat Adderly**

wednesday 8th

Alconbury RAF: **Energy**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Brentford The Red Lion: **Heyday**
Cheltenham The Plough: **Roadsters**
Chippenham Golddiggers: **Tygers Of Pan Tang**
Dudley Prole Club: **Virago**
Edinburgh Assembley Rooms: **Tom Robinson**
Edinburgh Playhouse: **The Blues Band**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Black Roots**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **CSA**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Webcore/The Happy Few**
London Cricklewood Hogs Grunt: **Soundogs**
London Fulham Rd. New Golden Lion: **Idle Flowers**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Basils Ballsup Band**
London Gulliver's **Pressure Point**
London Islington Hare & Hounds: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Wild Wax**
London Kensington Commonwealth Institute: **Steel & Sin**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Diz And The Doormen**
London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield: **The Heavenly Bodies**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Clerical Error/Fats Dats**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Stockwell Rd. Old Queens Head: **Vocolotion**
London Streatham, The Cat's Whiskers: **Brunel**
London Tufnell Park Boston Arms: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London Victoria The Venue: **Weapon Of Peace**
London Wimbledon Nelsons: **KK Khan/Tilt**
London W14 The Adlib: **The Outskirts/Plan 'B'**
Manchester Apollo: **Mike Oldfield**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **David Essex**
New Romney Seahorse: **Henry McCulloch & Jack Pound**
Nottingham Commodore: **George Hamilton IV**
Rotherham Travellers: **Fault**
Sheffield City Hall: **Hot Chocolate**
Sheffield, Royal Hotel: **Psychic Taoist**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Trowbridge, 'Pee's Wees': **Headless Horsemen**
Walsall Hardy's Club: **Sub Zero**

Pic: Jean Bernard Sohiez

YOUTH EXPLOSION

UHURU YOUTH forum presents the Cultural Explosion '82 at Hornsey Town Hall, Crouch End, N8 on Saturday — from 4 until 11pm — with live on stage **Freddie McKay** with **The Instigators,** plus **Adasstra, Abacush, Arc Connection;** dance groups **Yaa Asantewaa, Body And Soul, Cool Touch, Dakwesi, Trinbago;** poets **Frederick Williams** and **Anum Iyapo;** karate display by **Makonde;** sounds from **Phase One.** The whole event is compered by former Rudies leader **Freddie Notes** and admission is £1.50.

BROADWATER Farm Youth Association in conjunction with The International, Tidal Basin Road (off Silverton Way), London, E16 presents the best in soul, jazz, funk and reggae every Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday from 8.30pm until late. Resident sound every Saturday: *Danny Casanova.*

A RAVING session is held each and every Friday night at Broadwater School (off Mount Pleasant Road), Tottenham, N17. Resident sounds from **Starliner** plus guest sound.

REGGAE RUNNINGS

FRASER'S FILLIP

Philip Fraser *pic: R. A. Gibson*

HEAD Corner Stone artist Philip Fraser is recently in this town during his first visit to the country, the result of which is a new solo album entitled 'Loving You' for Silver Camel, plus news of a further set forthcoming on 10" in the ensuing months.

Fraser, who has issued dozens of records on the Corner Stone, Roots Tradition and Freedom Sounds labels over the past decade, produced this latest set alongside Michael Chin. He sings 10 songs of romantic reflection, includes a 'Sad Movie' in no way connected with either Sue Thompson or Carol Deene, a version of a song called 'Raindrops Keep Falling'' without reference to B J Thomas, and the praises of 'Sharon'.

He claims to have founded the Freedom Sounds label with B Brown. ''After that we find Prince Alla and Earl Zero. We were going on good till we have to split because of bad management. So I recorded on Roots Tradition label, which was run by Don Mais. Earl Zero do the first record there, too: 'Home Sweet Home'.

''Well who really inspire me was D Brown, J Holt, A Ellis, S Smith and foreign singer like The Manhattans (one of Phil's own recordings is called 'Special Request To The Manhattans'), The Drifters, Sam Cooke and many more who I listen to day by day.''

STATION UNDERGROUND NEWS

OBSERVER STATION UNDERGROUND REPORTING — flashing sweetly from a semi-frequency — Hugh Elm thy rifted trunk all notched and scarred . . . iron sharpeneth iron on a new LP coupling the Culture triad and the man Don Carlos. Entitled 'Roots And Culture' (VPRLP 1014) and issued on Jah Guidance, the album is a Henry Lawes production backed by the High Times Band and Roots Radics. Mr Carlos rides a 'Rub A Dub Queen' and sings of 'Street Life' and 'English Woman', as well as further reworking his current 'Hog And Goat' tale. Culture ride the 'Rub A Dub Train' and speaks of 'Jah Tabernacle' . . . **like to a warriors destiny** . . .also on the Jah Guidance imprint is the collusion of Yellowman and Fathead with Aces International Hi-Fi and DJ Jah Rubel 'Live At Aces' (VPRLP 1011), recorded in February. Produced by Lloyd Campbell and featuring toasts of Mighty Diamonds, Augustus Clarke and other rhythms. A further Jah Guidance title is the new Yellowman solo effort 'Just Cool' (VPRLP 1013), an H Lawes production illustrating further episodes in the cadmium one's nuptial status with 'Getting Divorce', 'Build A Roof Over Yu Head', 'Woman A No Something Fi You Ramp Wid' and more. Meanwhile, on Amco pre Yellowman teams up with Sis Nancy for 'King And Queen' . . . **I love to stretch me often on such shadowed sward** . . . from Tad's of New York is released an Errol Flabba Holt bass and drum excursion entitled 'Roots Radics Dub', a 10 track item with accredited production from Ranking Joe and Jah Screw . . . **and hear the sighs of summer leaves above** . . . and two titles on Hitbound pre; Jah Wayne and Johnny follow the adventures of 'Ackee Monkey' claiming themselves ''no lucky in a no form'' of 'Gambling', and Al Campbell pleas 'Turn Me Loose' in fine falsetto fashion . . .

★ ★ ★

OR ON THY BUTTRESSED ROOTS TO SIT AND LEAN in careless attitude . . . Hello friends, all sounds posse present an Early Session Dance at St Hilda's Hall, 18 Club Row (back of Shoreditch Church), E2 on Friday — from 7 to 11pm — with a three tone showcase, dancing to the south-east sounds of Stereo-Tone + Echo-Tone + Micro-Tone. Admission at door: £1.50 . . . **and there reflect on times and deeds and daring that have been** . . . the following evening is celebrated a Namibia Day Benefit — from 8 to 12pm — at Harringay Trade & Community Centre, Brabant Road, Wood Green, N22. Live on stage: Tribesman, Swapo Singers; sounds by Kingston Rebel. Bar & food. Reduced entrance for unwaged . . . **old cast aways now swallowed in neglect** . . . also on Saturday, Prince George invites you all to a champagne raffle and Dance at LA Bar, Clarissa St, E2 — from 9pm till late — with music by Prince George and Seven Warriors. Come early stay late . . . **while thou are towering in thy strength of heart** . . . three in one presents a Grand Talent Contest at Phebes, 240 Amhurst Road, Stoke Newington, N16 every Saturday night with sounds by Danny Casanova . . .

★ ★ ★

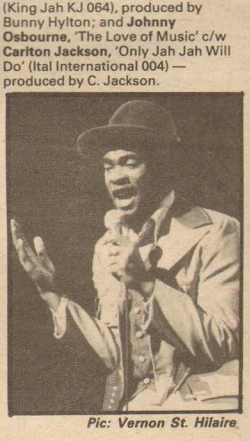
STIRRING THE SOUL TO VAIN IMAGININGS . . . out of Toronto is issued volume one number one of a new glossy zine *Reggae Quarterly*. Produced by the team behind the Pablo / Rockers reggaezine *Live Good Today*, now deceased, *RQ* is a 34 page title with articles on Lone Ranger, Triston Palmer, Carlton Livingston, Michigan & Smilie, Tetrack, Lui Lepke, Stranger Cole, Sammy Dread and more. Price is $3 from 10 Walmer Road, Box 1501, Toronto, Ontario, M5R 2W4, Canada . . . **in which lifes sordid being hath no part** . . . also in Canada, Leroy Sibbles has released a new album 'Evidence' (A&M), in which he diversifies soul, jazz, rock and folk styles. Recently the former Heptone opened for The Commodores in front of 16,000 at Toronto's Maple Leaf Gardens. Meanwhile, a pair of discomixes by the singer have come out on Neville Lee's Sonic Sound label: 'Love In The Morning' and 'Rock Steady Party' . . . **the wind in that eternal ditty sings** . . . skylarking Horace Andy and sipple Max Romeo arrive in London Sunday last in preparation for their mid-September tour alongside Matumbi and others. The pair anticipate staying on until November . . . **humming of future things that burns the mind** . . . speaking of whom, Matumbi have just issued a new 7" on Solid Groove interpreting Bevan Fagan's 'In Daylight' . . . **to leave some fragment of itself behind** . . this coming Monday (6) at the Studio 1 club in Slough, live on stage Natural Roots . . . **One Love** . . .

CONTROLLER: PENNY REEL

SLATEMIX

JAH SHAKA — King Of The Zulu Tribe Music comes forth with a first 10" title this week, featuring the man himself along with **Sister Pat** giving voice to 'Jah Children' (823). In the meantime, unsleeved copies of the Jah Shaka 'Commandments Of Dub' LP — 10 titles — are also circulating.

Other new slate: a violent violet vinyl pressing on the Music Gallery label from **Sandra Lobban** with the lovers rock 'Make You My Man' (MG 001), produced by Sugar Minott and Jackie Mittoo; **Delton Screechie,** 'Sweet Africa' c/w **Early B,** 'History' (King Jah KJ 064), produced by Bunny Hylton; and **Johnny Osbourne,** 'The Love of Music' c/w **Carlton Jackson,** 'Only Jah Jah Will Do' (Ital International 004) — produced by C. Jackson.



Pic: Vernon St. Hilaire

''every day a new star is born'' (TZ) NEW STAR — the JA label owned by erst Viego toaster **Tapper Zukie** (above) — has four new titles out on 7": new vocal duo **Vibes Tone** with 'Leaders Of Black Country'; **Cornell Campbell,** 'Follow Instruction'; **Leroy Smart,** 'Be My Lover'; and some fashionwear of **Zukie's** own adapting Delroy Wilson's 'Never Conquer' to the lyrics of 'Natty Princess'.

A QUARTET of new titles surface out of Jamaica on Henry Lawes' new Arrival label: **Wailing Soul** with their version of the John Holt hit 'Sweetie Come Brush me'; **Meditations** rearranging their five year-old 'Woman Is Like A Shadow' song for 'Shadow Man'; **Israel Vibration** asking 'Why You So Craven'; **Toyan** on 'John Tom'. All titles backed by Jon Jo & The Volcano All Stars.

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Plus guests & Jerry Floyd

Sat 4th & Sun 5th Sept (Adm £2.50)
Welcome Back
DEMON
Plus support & Jerry Floyd

Mon 6th Sept (Adm £2.00)
LONE WOLF
Featuring Paul Di'Anno
Plus guests & Jerry Floyd

Tues 7th Sept (Adm £2.00)
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with special guests Darryl Way
£2.50

Fri 3
NO DICE
supported by the Jungle
£3.30

Sat 4
MAIN SQUEEZE
supported by IK
£3.30

Mon 6
Morscow Philarmonix, Natural Scientist, Matinee Idols
£1.75

Tues 7
Intros, Into The Blue, Arena
£1.75

Weds 8
Reggae night with Black Roots
£2.25

Thurs 9
African Rhythms night with OK JIVE
+ Support

Coming Soon Thurs 16
THE TRUTH
featuring Dennis Greaves
(ex Nine Below Zero)

THE Venue

160–162 Victoria Street, London SW1E 5LB
Tel 828 9441

Doors Open 8.00 pm
Main band on at 9.30 pm

THIS WEEK

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CHEETAH
+ Little Sister

Friday 3rd September £3.50
SNIFF 'N' THE TEARS
+ K K KHAN

Saturday 4th September £3.50
BOYSTOWN GANG

Monday 6th September £2.50
NAKED LUNCH
+ 24 HOURS + THE JUNGLE

Tuesday 7th September £2.50
TIGER + BRUNEL

Wednesday 8th September £2.50
WEAPON OF PEACE

Thursday 9th September £2.50
RIP, RIG & PANIC

COMING SOON

Friday 10th September £3.50
Q TIPS

Saturday 11th September £3.50
Q TIPS

Wednesday 15th September £3.00
COMSAT ANGELS

Thursday 16th September £3.00
BLACK SLATE

Friday 17th September £3.50
LINK WRAY + JOHNNY G

Saturday 18th September £3.00
BLUE FEATHER + HOT QUISINE

Tuesday 21st September £3.00
MISTY IN ROOTS

Wednesday 22nd September £3.50
KLAUS SCHULZE

BON TON ROULET
PEGASUS
109 Green Lanes N16. 226-5930.

Wednesday 1st September £1.25
J.J. & THE JEALOUS GUY
From Austin, Texas
Thursday 2nd September £2.00
HANK WANGFORD
Friday 3rd September £1.50
JUICE ON THE LOOSE
Saturday 4th September £1.50
BIG CHIEF
Featuring Art Themen
Sunday 5th September £1.30
IVORY COASTERS
Monday 6th September — CLOSED
Tuesday 7th September £1.00
LARRY MILLER BAND
Wednesday 8th September £1.25
J.J. & THE JEALOUS GUY

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IN LINE
Friday 3rd September £1.50
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+ The Snorkelettes
Saturday 4th September £1.50
DANA GILLESPIE BAND
Sunday 5th September £1.00
THE BREAKERS
Monday 6th September £1.00
LASLO & THE LEOPARDS
Tuesday 7th September £1.00
CARDIAC ARREST
Wednesday 8th September £1.00
BASILS BALLS UP BAND

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ENTERPRISES LTD Presents

HAWKWIND

14/15 October	HITCHIN The Regal	All tkts £3.50
16 October	MANCHESTER Apollo	£4, £3.50, £3
17 October	PRESTON Guild Hall	£4, £3.50, £3
18 October	LIVERPOOL Empire	£4, £3.50, £3
19 October	GLASGOW Apollo	£4, £3.50, £3
21 October	EDINBURGH Playhouse	£4, £3.50, £3
22 October	ABERDEEN Capitol	£4, £3.50, £3
23 October	NEWCASTLE City Hall	£4, £3.50, £3
24 October	BRADFORD St. George's Hall	£4, £3.50, £3
25 October	SHEFFIELD City Hall	£4, £3.50, £3
27 October	BIRMINGHAM Odeon	£4, £3.50, £3
30 October	ST. ALBANS Civic Hall	All tkts £4
31 October	BRISTOL Colston Hall	£4, £3.50, £3
1 November	SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont	£4, £3.50, £3
3 November	HANLEY Victoria Hall	All tkts £4
4 November	DUNSTABLE Queensway Hall	All tkts £4
5 November	NORWICH University	All tkts £3.50
6 November	IPSWICH Gaumont	£4, £3.50, £3
7 November	LEICESTER De Montfort Hall	£4, £3.50, £3
9 November	TUNBRIDGE WELLS Assembly Rooms	£4, £3.50, £3
10 November	FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall	All tkts £3.50
11 November	GUILDFORD Civic Hall	All tkts £4
12/13 November	HAMMERSMITH Odeon	£4.50, £4, £3.50, £3
14 November	OXFORD Apollo	£4, £3.50, £3
15 November	CHIPPENHAM Goldiggers	£4, £3.50, £3

MCT presents

SAXON
ODEON THEATRE HAMMERSMITH -
FRI/SAT 8th/9th OCTOBER 7.30 pm.
Tickets £4.50, £4.00, £3.50 Available from B/O Tel: 01 748 4081

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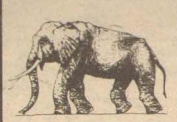
NEW ALBUM "Well Kept Secret" AVAILABLE NOW WEA RECORDS (K99255)

JOHN MARTYN
AND HIS BAND + Durutti Column
FRIDAY 22nd OCTOBER 7.30pm
Tickets £4.50 £4.00 £3.50
FROM BOX OFFICE & USUAL AGENTS. (SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEES)
JOHN MARTYN SONGBOOK AVAILABLE NOW



THURSDAY 9th SEPTEMBER

ONLY AFTER DARK
Wed 1st September AD-LIB CLUB, KENSINGTON
Sat 4th September CLARENDON, HAMMERSMITH
Mon 6th September RED LION, HOUNSLOW
Sun 19th September STAR CLUB, BIRMINGHAM
Mon 27th September GREYHOUND, FULHAM

WORKERS AGAINST RACISM

THE CIMARONS
RUTS DC
THE ALARM
CARMEL
SON OF MAN IN ROOTS
THE CREAMIES

In a benefit concert for Workers March Against Racism

+ Surprise guests

At The Fair Deal, Stockwell Road, Brixton
ON Saturday 4th September
Doors open 5.30pm £4, £3 on dole.

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OUTLAW PRESENTS

King Crimson
+ THE THREE COURGETTES
SUNDAY 12th SEPTEMBER 7.30pm
ALL TICKETS £4.00
FROM BOX OFFICE (01-748 2812) LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, KEITH PROWSE, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, CENTRE TICKETS, PRICE BUSTERS (HAMMERSMITH) & USUAL AGENTS
(SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEES)

FAC 51
THE HAÇIENDA

THE ASSOCIATES
Gig is being rescheduled for a September date
Thursday 2nd September
TIK & TOK
Thursday 9th September
PALE FOUNTAINS
Tuesday 21st September
MARK STEWART'S MAFIA
Thursday 23rd September
DURUTTI COLUMN & STOCKHOLM MONSTERS
Wednesday 29th September
MAXIMUM JOY
Monday 4th October
WILLIAM BURROUGHS PSYCHIC TV
(Final Academy)
11-13 Whitworth St. West, Manchester
061-236 5051

Klub Foot
CLARENDON HOTEL BALLROOM HAMMERSMITH BROADWAY W.6

TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM CLARENDON HOTEL (MAIN BAR OPENING HOURS), ALBEMARLE LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, ROUGH TRADE RECORDS, ROCK ON RECORDS.
LATE BAR TILL 12-00

£2.00
SCARS
ACCIFIED
NEW MODEL ARMY
THURSDAY 2nd SEPTEMBER AT 8.00

UKDECAY
SEX GANG CHILDREN
RITUAL £2.00
THURSDAY 9 SEPTEMBER 8-00

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments presents

Shakatak
plus guests
Thursday 11th Nov 7.30pm Tickets from £4.00 also
Birmingham Odeon Sun 14th Nov Tickets from £3.25
Tickets from Box Office & usual agents

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01-788 2387

Thursday 2nd September
THE DANCE BAND
Thursday 9th September
JUICE ON THE LOOSE
+ Diz Watson
Thursday 16th September
MAIN SQUEEZE
(Victor Brox & Dick Heckstall-Smith)

Tues 7th Sept
WIPEOUT
Live R&B
at the
TRAMSHED
WOOLWICH NEW ROAD, SE18

MOONLIGHT
100 West End Lane
(West Hampstead Tube)
Sunday 7.30-10.30

Wednesday 1st September £1.50
IMPOSSIBLE DREAMERS
+ Speed Queens
Thursday 2nd September £1.50
RUBELLA BALLET
+ Omega Tribe
+ Youthanasia
Friday 3rd September £2.00
NAKED LUNCH
+ Bad Detectives
Saturday 4th September £1.50
NATURAL SCIENTIST
+ Support
Sunday 5th September
CLOSED
Monday 6th September
CLOSED
Tuesday 7th September
CLOSED
Wednesday 8th September £1.50
BRAG
+ White Noise

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

RIP RIG + PANIC

as *"Les Enfants Terribles"*
+
A RECITAL OF THE GREAT McGONNAGAL'S POEMS
+
COUNTRY & WESTERN SUPERSTAR
"Ringo McVulture"
+
SOUNDS BY LAMBKIN SHNOD

ALL AT THE VENUE ON SEPTEMBER 9th 8.00 SHARP

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Tel: 0602 412544 open 8pm—2am

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Wednesday 15th September £3.00 Adv — THE ASSOCIATES
Thursday 23rd September £3.50 Adv — THE BLUES BAND
Tuesday 5th October £3.00 Adv — JOHN MARTYN
Thursday 7th October £5.00 Adv — KID CREOLE & THE COCONUTS
Tuesday 12th October £3.50 Adv — SAD CAFE
Wednesday 13th October £3.00 Adv — PETE SHELLEY
Wednesday 20th October £3.00 Adv — JOAN JETT & THE BLACKHEARTS
Wednesday 27th October £4.00 Adv — GILLAN
Tuesday 21st December £3.00 Adv — ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN

Must be over 18 years of age. Tickets from Rock City Box Office, Selecta Disc, Victoria Box Office, Nottingham — Re-Cords, Derby — Revolver, Mansfield — Pride, Newark — Record Shop, Grantham — Tracks, The Box Office, Lincoln — or by post from Rock City enclosing S.A.E.

FUTURAMA

Leisure Centre Deeside '82
FUTURAMA·4
QUEENSFERRY NORTH WALES

SEPTEMBER 11th
Saturday ---noon onwards

NEW ORDER
BLANCMANGE
CHINA CRISIS (the single 'FESTIVAL' still in the charts AFRICAN AND WHITE)
and introducing BRILLIANT! (yours new group)
with DURUTTI COLUMN featuring Vinnie Reilly and Bruce Mitchell
and dolettiloveyou
plus THREE COURGETTES
Icicle Works · Dislocation DANCE · NAAFI SANDWICH · BLUE POLAND
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Cook-the Books
THE CHERRY BOYS · DISCO STUDENTS
Sleeping Figures · The Alarm
and the WAKE
VINCE BERKELEY
with special guests... AUSTRALIAN SONIE! DUFFO! and some comic YOC

12th SEPTEMBER
noon onwards -------Sunday

THE DAMNED
dead or alive
Southern Death Cult
THE DANSE SOCIETY
sex gang children
the ROOM · The Decorators
THE MARCH VIOLETS · Gene Loves Jezebel
PUNCHING HOLES with Brian Bond
ORCHESTRA JAZIRA
the Membranes · ZANTI MISFITZ
Vending Pact
DISCOBOLISK
WORKFORCE
and special guest NICO and her group

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LEEDS-Jumbo-HULL-Shakespeare
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WREXHAM-MOLD-ST HELENS
BLACKPOOL-Graffiti FLINT-
LONDON-Rough Trade-Virgin
ASK ABOUT COACHES-SOME LAID ON FOR MAJOR CITIES AFTER THE SHOW - SHUTTLE SERVICE FROM LIVERPOOL LIME STREET TO AND FROM THE VENUE
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SCRITTI

FROM P28

of rhythmicality became so significant and such an essential thing to pop. The early Scritti were essentially a marginal group, by which I mean they were the sort of people who shied away from four/four. And if you weren't inclined to play in some complicated time signature, or didn't think it was a very smart thing to do, the thing to do was make a racket, which is what we used to do. DAF don't make a racket; they actually do have structure and rhythm — they are using the code!

Do you have any curiosity anymore for odd sounds?
Certainly I do! Before punk, Anthony Braxton was my . . . I used to go out and buy stuff by him and all those New York lofty people, anything that made a racket! I started with The Beatles, but I suppose I hit them a bit later. The first album I got was 'Sergeant Pepper' and I mean there's lots of noise mixed in with that. From then on, you acquire that mixed taste for popular stuff and noise and maybe you prefer the challenge of noise. I've headed for marginal things all my life — except now. It's to do with the political climate, my history, everything else. But sure, I love racket, I love din, I always make sure there's a little bit in us. . .

There's an American called Z'ev who's divided himself into six different personalities — at the last count — so that he can pursue assorted forms of music.
That's heterogeneity isn't it? That's what I've been writing and singing about for the past couple of years. The horrible thing of being in possession of one opinion at the expense of the other. It doesn't mean you should dissolve in to an endless relativism — on the one hand this, urgh — that kind of wet liberalism. But if you understand your heterogeneity, that in itself gives you a firm direction, in a funny sort of way, that isn't towards a wet liberalism or relativism. . .

At the point of which nothing gets done.
Yeah. Shall we stop there?

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

Derek Block presents
THE DAMNED
PLUS CHARGE
MONDAY 11th OCTOBER
7.30pm TICKETS 4.00 3.50 & 3.00
AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM BOX OFFICE (01 748 4081/2) KEITH PROWSE PREMIER BOX OFFICE · LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS & USUAL AGENTS

Please phone before setting out! check, but avoiding major disasters, here is...

WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN

THU. SEP 2. ZERRA 1
Two-man band with synths and lights and a fine understanding of what is atmosphere, and what is not.

THE PALE FOUNTAINS
FRI. SEP. 3. Trio, sometimes augmented by oboes and trumpet, who possess a snappy sense of pop melodicism which is effortlessly sustained through a 45 min set. Keeper act in the making.

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"I SAW THE CABS SEVEN TIMES"

— DERANGED FAN'S TALE OF HORROR

CABARET VOLTAIRE
ERIC RANDOM

Sheffield Lyceum

SANDWICHED uncomfortably between the futuristic eggbox design of the Town Hall and the famed plastic carnation home of snooker called The Crucible, Sheffield's newest rock (ad)venture completes a typically absurd subtopian cityscape — a cluttered clash of style and sensibility, old world grandeur and first world economics. Almost as absurd, in fact, as The Lyceum Theatre — a pompous parade of cherubic muses adorning proscenium arches — playing host to Cabaret Voltaire, the definitive bastions of non-conformism.

Aside from commercial consideration, this grand opening is an act of just gratitude on behalf of the band. For without Lyceum co-owner George Webster's intrusion onto the rock scene some years ago (he introduced Sheffield's premier punk club, The Limit) groups like The Human League, Cabaret Voltaire and Clock DVA might never have been.

The League have already repaid any dues by initiating the ill-fated first incarnation of The Lyceum (demised through alleged cash flow problems and bad weather!) and now it's the Cabs' turn to set the wheels of entrepreneurial fortune turning again for Mr Webster.

Inside, the perverse contrast-hunched up bodies in raincoats and mascara assaulting the lofty morals of Edwardian baroque decor — can only be described as perfect for the Cabaret Voltaire leisure process.

How the mighty fall? This is the very theatre where the legendary ballerina Anna Pavlova danced 'The Dying Swan' with the Imperial Russian Ballet in 1912. This is where Henry Irving appeared as Shylock in 'The Merchant Of Venice' in 1857. This is where the bingo boom of the late '60s hit hardest . . . and this is where it's full house again, as we prepare for a season of 'ballet, opera and rock' with local anti-heroes Cabaret Voltaire. But which of those categories do they fit?

Outside, unfortunately, is the only place to get a drink as Eric Random warms up with a cold-blooded slaughter of his excellent album, 'Earthbound Ghost Need'. Mesmerising is hardly the description, Random would be much more exact. And one discordant serenade is all it takes for the balconies and sloping dance floor (ever tried dancing on a sloping floor?) to empty *en masse*, for people to collect their pass-outs and drink in segregated bars, scattered haphazardly around plush chandeliered suites. Eric Random, meanwhile, stands marooned and desolate on the colossal stage, grating sluggish pertinent muzak to a haggle of stowaways hooked on a similar rickety electronic ticket. Even the ornate plasterwork cupids mounting the stage looked bored.

As Cabaret Voltaire prepare to tango, the bars continue to hustle. This is not exactly a 'banker gig' y'see. Everyone who gives a damn in Sheffield has already seen the Cabs six times already . . . and that's at least four times too many.

In small doses Cabaret Voltaire induce an essentially provocative reaction. The first time is when the Mallinder scream belts out over Kirk's machine machinations and scares the life out of you. The primitivism in Cabaret Voltaire is a ballroom blitz of black blasphemous burlesque.

Their music is a guttural rape of the rock skeleton, brains dashed out, slowed down, picked clean and messed up. The first time is when the Voltaire helter skelter stabs you in the back with stainless sheets of metallic noise: when they writhe in tortuous self-expression and you, the consumer, revel in an experience that you thought that rock just could not provide (or define).

The first time is when the Voltaire shock tactics strike a clear run . . . just like The Fall of the 'Bingomasters' period and just like Crass period. But the Voltaire philosophy capitalises instinctively on an underlying beat subtlety that will keep them guessing and conceptualising long after the crasser set.

The seventh time, on the other hand, is when you sit in the bar and gossip or go out and expect decadence and so called deviation. When you expect to be shown the seedier bits of *Clockwork Orange*. When you ignore the bizarre interpretations of twisted hacks and realise that Voltaire music is as one-dimensional as anything else and differs purely in the brand of cosmetic used. The seventh time is when Mallinder, grunting through a head set microphone, looks less like an enigma and more like Kate Bush. When 'This Is Entertainment' is obviously nothing more. When Voltaire's subversive noise is just so much heckle and jive.

The seventh time is when the heartbeat of Cabaret, the artbeat of Voltaire lies more in Alan Fish's physical exertion on the drum kit than in Richard Kirk's rabble dabble machines. When people start dancing to Cabaret Voltaire and stop thinking so much. When music returns to escapism and when projectors break down. When failure penetrates the anti-pose and when the Cabs do a song called 'Gut Level'.

The seventh time is when you realise that Cabaret Voltaire are actually white souls in black straitjackets.

Amrik Rai

Mal Cab

Pic: Bryn Jones

BILLY IDOL "IS A STAR" ???

BILLY IDOL

San Francisco

"BILLY IDOL is a star" — a startling revelation that emerged at The Stone in San Francisco. Sure it's yer old Billy, but hardly the same Idol.

Gone are the days of punk and Generation X — this is showbiz, with your 'Mony Mony' on the table. At The Stone Billy Idol gave us a fleeting glimpse of pop heaven: Sid Vicious resurrected as Fabian. I bought it.

For anyone bak ome who may be interested, this was Billy's debut appearance in California. Transformed from prototypal London punker into all-American glam-rock fantasy, the lad's had a big hit with 'Mony' and now 'White Wedding' (pressed up in white vinyl) is a firm favourite on the rock disco circuit. After 'Don't You Want Me', anything could happen.

Graced with an American A&R department's idea of a "raunchy" punk band — a proficient cross between The Cars and Motley Crue — Billy is rapidly proving his ability to win over audiences with sheer glassy-eyed professionalism.

Visually kitsch to the point of campness — Billy flanked in metalloid stances by shorter, darker guitarists — the eye-doll and his mannequins closed the deal with polish and zeal.

They may have held "not Billy Idol" nights in New York, but the ring of confidence round Billy's new smile is pure American corn.

Announcing his "wild" new single, 'Hot In The City' (which on Eddie Money would be a surefire Number one) Billy conjectured that we "might have heard this one on that slimy radio . . ." Sure thing, kid. Don't *never* forget Billy was up there in the front line with The Damned, Siouxsie, Pistols! Last month he even crawled onto a show by Vox Pop, self-styled "world's worst group" — to sing (wait for it) 'LA Woman'.

Born on a casting couch, Billy sneers winningly into the open-and-close heart of Great Mother Rock'n'Roll. Despite looking in recent promo shots like a beat-up corpse — caked to the shoulders in make-up, face apparently splitting at the seams — the young Adonis of the Roxy is still the dumbest, sauciest charmer on the block.

The Stone show may have been an AOR version of "rock'n'roll for the kidz", 'Hole In The Wall' and 'Shooting Stars'(!) may just be heavy metal masquerading as the sleazy side of new wave, but there was more honest fun and excitement in this tawdry exhibition than I've seen anybody project in months. Billy Idol, child of hype, deserves success. He deserves the kidz.

If Matt Dillon is their Big Brother, Billy is their naughty cousin.

Barney Hoskyns

THAT SYNCHING FEELING

Banana boat goes down

BANANARAMA

Danceteria, New York

ALL THE trendy pseudo-Brits and likewise fashion conscious New Yorkers, sporting teased Bananarama hairdo's (and don'ts) and Westwoodian dyed minis, turned up for this latest incarnation of cool-cute-girl-band.

That's about all they got.

This was Bananarama's first American gig, and the kids had seen them in the 'Ain't What You Do' video, and wanted more. Besides, if they were bananas enough for the Fun Boy Three, they had to be pretty exciting.

Wrong again. They were simply pretty. Pretty fruity. And not even fresh, at that.

After waiting for them to be really sayin' something, it was quite disappointing to find they were sayin' exactly nuthin'. They were, in fact, quite clearly, lip-synching. And not particularly well, I recommend that if they ever intend to do that again (and I don't), they learn the words to their songs.

This sort of hijinx might work for a bit of video, but no one is going to stand for it live. Not when they've paid good money to see a band.

It might have been excusable for Bananarama to sing live to taped music, if they couldn't get a band together on such short notice. I assume this was a very hasty measure, or they are grossly under-estimating the public. *(In fact, the group blame the club for not telling people in advance it wasn't to be regular live show — Ed.)*

New York audiences are the world's worst, I grant that, but they are usually tolerant if you give them *something*. Bananarama can dance pretty well, but so can Annabella, for much longer, and she sings, too, at the same time.

The girls were promptly booed off the stage, after only three numbers, with accompanying cries of "Play some instruments, you artifices!" and "Even Heaven 17 was better!" Their hair was not the only thing that departed teased.

Although some of the more adolescent males left whining, "I don't care, they're gorgeous," others left grumbling.

A well-known New York DJ was heard passing the final pronouncement: "They certainly have chutzpah!"

I'll give them that.

Merle Ginsberg

GASPING FOR AIR

GASPAR LAWAL

Gold Coast Club, Soho

UH-OH here they come you might think — rave reviews for any African band that can bang a drum. After very positive remarks about the Drummers Of Burundi, Sunny Ade and Fela Kuti in this paper, now it's Gaspar Lawal's turn for a plug. However, if you've had the good fortune of seeing or hearing any of the aforementioned you'll know that the reviews are completely justified.

Gaspar Lawal is one of Nigeria's most successful artists and it was to the credit of the Gold Coast Club that they should get him to perform there. Unfortunately, due to the layout of the club and the lack of a proper stage, it was nigh on impossible for the majority of the audience to see the band and their dancers cramped in one corner.

Nevertheless, the sounds shone through. Almost entirely drum orientated, with other percussive instruments and occasional guitar, the slimmed down five-piece band and two dancers create multifarious sounds which you can't help but dance to (which makes life quite awkward when you're trying to take photos at the same time).

In less cramped and more oxygenated surroundings Gaspar Lawal would make the sun shine.

David Corio

Drum notes from Nigeria — Gaspar Lawal *Pic: David Corio*

LIVE!

PALACE IN WONDER LAND

VARIOUS ARTISTES

The Palace, Camden

AS THE various nocturnal joys inherent in the Great Big Camden Palace sneak up, the place is rapidly demanding frequentation.

Thursdays, where the Club For Heroes extension has bloated out of all proportion (to take in an eager Miss Selfridge contingent, rubbing shoulders with the more hardy club perennials) are still packed to the gunnels.

Question-marks, though, over the ability to attract punters at other times seem to have been succinctly answered by various successful attractions and party schemes.

This lush, gaudy, splendour has hosted some intriguingly diverse performances, not least of which was the collection assembled last Wednesday. A slightly clumsy trapeze artist, nervously suspended amongst the lightshow hardware, started his routine with a vigour which petered out as obvious fatigue set in.

Then, the initial balletic mime of a berobed duo took on frenetically theatrical proportions in a frenzy of spinning (and eaten) fire. I'd forgotten quite how entertaining such an act could be.

The musical section of the evening offered the continuing story of electro-romancers Shock. Tik and Tok PA'd along to the strident pulse of their 'Summer In The City' cover version — the steam of the original being replaced by an icy threat — and Robert and LA, troupers as ever, delivered some shamatics in an impotent attempt at rekindling "shock".

An interesting evening — and a promise of more Palatial delight to come.

James T Kirk

EYELESS PLAY A BLUNDER

EYELESS IN GAZA

The Venue, Victoria

EYELESS IN GAZA stand at the heart of simplicity. An elementary mixture of sound musicianship with a consistent beauty. A two-man sound that shreds the presumption that duets are limited/restricted by their size and builds a solid foundation through short, solid songs, that are passionate without being contrived and deep without being false or sentimental.

Light work is made of the endless permutations — bass and synth, percussion and guitar, bass, guitar and drum machine . . . a sleight of hand that deceives the eye and confounds the ear.

Sometimes the textures are so fine that they become almost indiscernible in comparison to the finely crafted vocals of Martyn Bates, the man with the small hat.

The sound left a lot to be desired in view of the lyrics' hazy intelligibility, but for the main part the set was warmly endearing and defiantly simple in its beauty.

Eyeless In Gaza are strong, like Samson. Eyeless? Visionary would be more fitting. Eyeless? Then in this kingdom it's the blind that lead the blind . . .

David Dorrell

ANNETTE: AN ODDBALL ROLLS HOME

ANNETTE PEACOCK

The Venue, Victoria

ANNETTE PEACOCK has the great good fortune to be unique. Her line in unpredictably floating, zig-zagging 'free-form ballads' is utterly unlike anything else currently available, with the result that The Venue was quite healthily full of people ready to treat Peacock's work with the attention it deserves.

Surrounded by keyboards (piano, clavinet and a rented synthesiser that didn't work) and flanked by an extraordinary percussionist named Roger Turner, she fuses the ballad (make that The Ballad: her understanding of its musical language is nonpareil) with free jazz; she performed a demanding but exhilarating hour-long programme of songs whose structures formed, dissolved and reformed with a dazzling combination of deftness and intuition.

The voice, the keyboards and the percussion engaged in a conversation that only very occasionally meandered: material from her remarkable 'Sky Skating' album mingled with the odd older piece and unrecorded song. Now and then the absence of a bass player or horn drew attention to itself, but the sparseness of the instrumentation creates improvisational possibilities which Peacock seizes with (literally) both hands, and the heights of inspiration scaled by the duo were at times little short of breathtaking.

Annette Peacock has been considered an oddball for far too long: this performance constituted a definite *arrival*. By some alchemy, the contemporary music scene and Annette Peacock have finally coincided, and anybody prepared to spend an hour *listening* is in for an unqualified treat at one of her shows. If she's performing in any location even remotely accessible, do not hesitate.

Charles Shaar Murray

Passion from Gaza *Pic: David Corio*

HEAT, BEAT AND SWEET SOUL FIRE

APOLLINAIRES JAZIRA

Membership Club, London

"The drums, the drums." (cf Quasimodo)

YES. THE DRUMS. A whole world full of drums. An evening with its skin pulled tight over pounding, relentless drum beats. Drums village, drums tribal, drums funky. Drums that talked, drums that wooed, that pulled, that danced, that sung; *this* was fundamental. When the drums sounded, people's skin stretched, taut and tense with sweat and respect. Dance? It was futile trying to stand still.

The Apollinaires are the discovery of that toothless sage, Jerry Dammers. The Apollinaires? The Elevenaires? And what an arsenal (topical reference of the week) of weapons, what an array; two guitars, bass, percussion, two saxes, a trumpet, a trombone, a drummer and two singers.

But hey! What's funk? Everybody plays funk. The Apollinaires, though, get back to some of its roots by chopping up hard core with the rather more melodic stuff that was knocking around in the soul charts circa '78-'79. Of course 11 is big and the sound does tend to sprawl. Sometimes the brass echoes the guitars punch for punch (tight); at other times the finer points of ingenuity, eg the flute, fall into a quixotic but ultimately chaotic and confused drive of guitars, drums and brass (slack).

But amidst this confusion, simplicity and strength stood strong. Drums. To be more precise, the percussionist stood strong, kicking and slapping two of the hardest solos ever. Bongos that traced a beat for every lost African soul/sole in the house.

Dammers does it again? Could be, could be . . .

And Jazira? And the crowd, the market place for this selling and buying of human souls and bodies? This night, those drums . . . everything seemed so natural, so free flight. Jazira drummed up the custom, pushed the guitars to the back and brought on the dancing girls. None of the staid cultural 'respect' that you'd get at the Commonwealth centre, only the sweet sweat of dancing next to this great chunk of African life that was so subtly dropped into our midst. Colourful wraps from Kano, hot sun and sweat from Lagos.

The Apollinaires only played 'Sweet Soul Fire' . . . Jazira burnt you with it.

David Dorrell

Sweat from Lagos *Pic: Andy Luckhurst*

□ MORE LIVE! ON PAGE 43

NEW SINGLE

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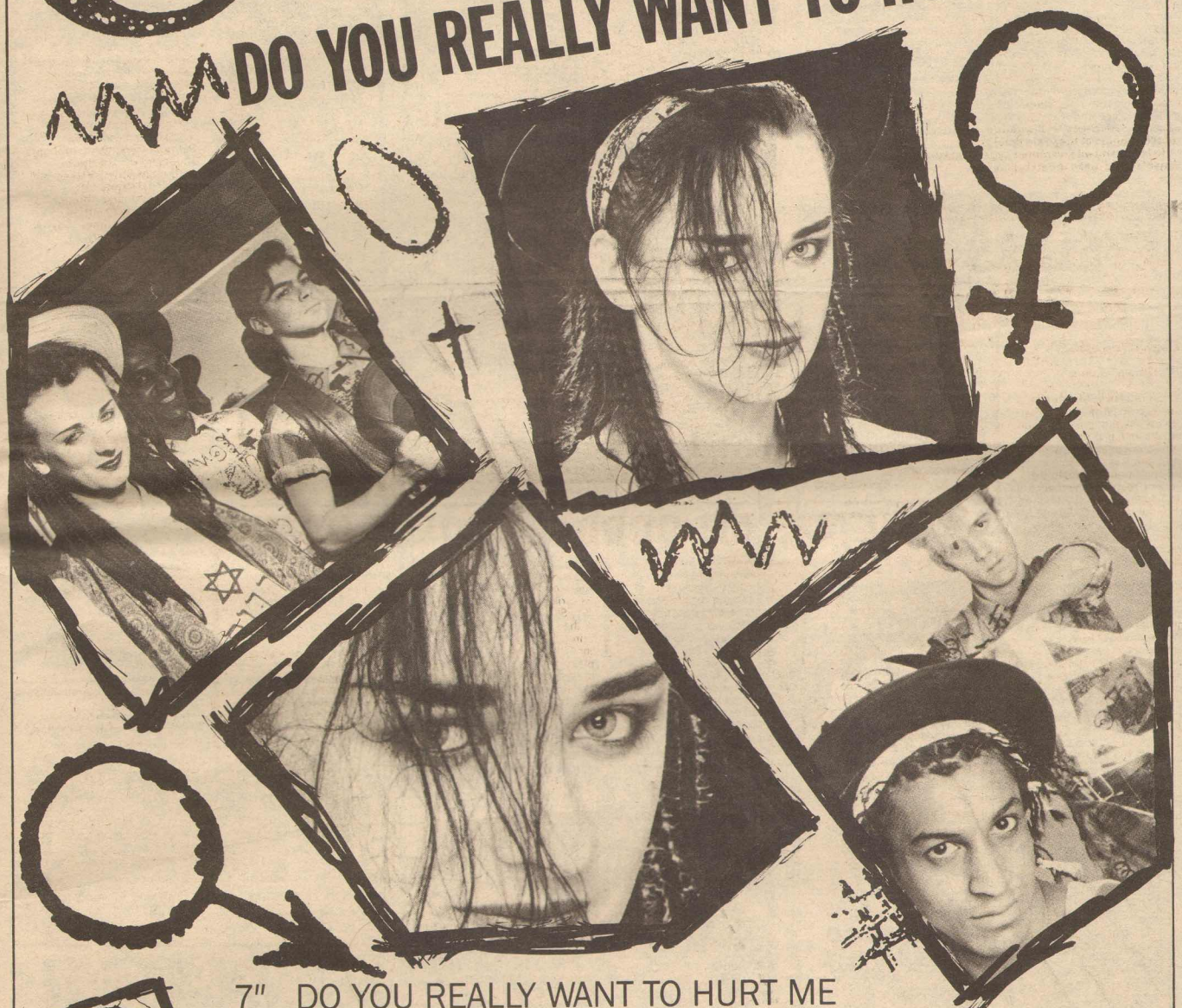

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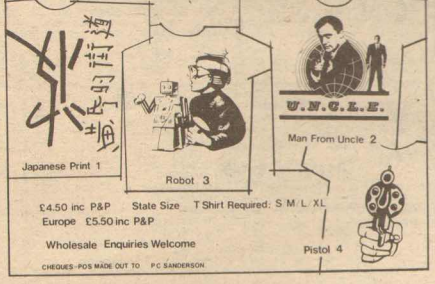

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Snap! Two Twinsets

Pics: Peter Stanway

LIVE!

APATHY A GO-GO

THE TWINSETS

Glasgow Night Moves

THE TWINSETS arrive to such a disinterested audience that my heart goes out to them. They're a band that Glaswegians don't see very often, but hear vague rumours about drifting over from Edinburgh. Seeing them on this occasion, I wondered how they ever managed to make the move across country; they certainly aren't fired with artistic frenzy, or even a passing glance at enthusiasm.

There are five Twinsets in all: three ham-fisted males, two of whom bang away at guitars and the third, looking like a cross between Roy Orbison and a reject from The Texas Chainsaw Massacre, banging away equally ineffectually on drums.

The vocalists are female. Pick any two girls in a city street: not even anti-fashion in their attitude, they just don't care in the most negative way possible, about their music or about themselves. They resent the audience without trying to give them more entertainment than a few wearily misguided attempts at something approaching chic.

The basis is the Motown revival, the revival in melody which they feel is satisfied by tired covers of songs which were classics, like 'Suspicious Minds'. 'Walking in the Sand' is *painfully* flat, and their own songs stand even weaker beside this unsparkling gallery of hits.

By the end of the set, with heckling increasing and a good amount of pure hate coming from the band (which could have been better channelled into thought about what they are doing and how other people may react to it), the announcement of their last number brought a cheer. They soldiered bravely on with 'The Wanderer', and the DJ tactfully started his music immediately they finished.

The Twinsets haven't really progressed out of the 'local pub' category yet, but at least can be admired for, if nothing else, for their unflagging guts in front of a hostile audience, or even a hostile world.

Vivien Fairley

THE SUMMER STOPS HERE

THE BANKROBBERS THE APARTMENT

Belfast Pound Club

THE POSTER blurb highlights the reality and the problem — "Good Vibes end of summer party," it says. How true, because the GV summer finished a couple of years ago and now the party echo from it is definitely over too.

Hooley and label need to rethink. Apart from Cruella De Ville's errant slice of Brechtian caprice, the GV stable simply isn't producing anything like music of quality and distinction, eg The Apartment, a mellow wallow of test card jazz/rock *con*fusions, an average, white band with a tile cold precision that urgently needs an infusive passion. As they stand they're conservative ballast at best, *and* with some of the worst leisure footwear ever seen on a stage.

Their sparring partners The Bankrobbers too, tender some respectable pop that pulls most of its punches: the usual sort of guitar/keyboard interplay, customary bass, routine vocals, *plus* they do a purposeless cover of 'I Knew The Bride'. Denim men who don't (have to?) try too hard!

Not that they're any worse than current top 40 phantoms like Talk Talk or Thomas Dolby, it's just that they don't yet possess any unique chart heart of their own.

But these people round here, well, they keep patting each other on the back, saying things like, "Good old Good Vibes, keeping Ulster safe for rock 'n' roll," when the emphasis is strictly on that 'safe'.

Adrian Maddox

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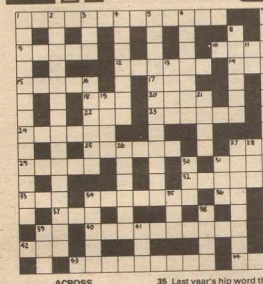

ACROSS

1 Duet phobia from social event? The Associates will tell you. (5, 5, 3)
9 Goody had two. (5)
10 The Jam rifles through this school. (4)
12 *"Go straight – ----"*, Clash ditty. (2, 4)
14 50 per cent of a Belle Star hit (or miss). (3)
15 Which French Girls? (5)
17 Cherry? No thanks, I've given up. (3)
18 To sleep is only half of Chrissie's song. (1,2)
20 No Reg, says Midge. But there is more. (4)
22 Deighton, who wrote *Funeral in Berlin*. Book, not album. (3)
23 Red Sam from Fleetwood Mac. (6)
24 David Lynch has got a weird head. (6)
25 It struck back, on celluloid. (6)
27 Lord/lucky. Or Oh, from Lou Reed. (3)
29 Welles, of Cane fame. (5)
31 Sir/Return of the Thin White. (4)
32 Rolling geriatrics. (6)
33 Uncle/—/Cooke. (3)
34 ------- *and Shirley*, U.S. side-kick of *Happy Days*. (7)
36 Initials of a sculpted Japan member (1,1)
37 King's Road clothes label (3)
39 Mr Green, as mentioned in 9 Across (2)
40 New York jiving hot-spot (10)
42 For God's sake, do this for me, Argentina (3)
43 What Aswad are not (9)
44 Clock Russian Two (3) or (1,1,1)

DOWN

1 They have had a change of heart (8,5)
2 A "various" LP which sounds like Tom Sharpe mixed it (7,8)
3 A positively affirmative band (3)
4 O, no time! And Sylvian will second that (7)
5 He's live on the Sunset Strip (7,5)
6 Junior being tardy (3,4)
7 Black and White TV? (10,3)
8 What Love does to the J. Geils band (6)
11 What is the jive? (1,1)
13 First word in what must be Buzzcocks' longest title (4)
16 Who Dexy's came on strong with (6)
19 Free adolescence, but free from what? (4)
21 —— Me, pleaded Armatrading (4)
26 Dony, ex-wife of baton-fondler, who sang VERY depressing toons (6)
27 Where the Birthday Party can be found. Not really (8)
28 Tina Turner's less outrageous partner (3)
30 College Mick Jagger studied at in London (1,1,1)
31 Shaw, one of the makers of "Rough Cut and Ready Rubbed" (3)
34 Ms. (out to) Lunch or the Muppets' tattooed lady (5)
35 Last year's hip word that preceded nearly every event (3)
38 Word for more "conventional" jazz (4)
39 Garfunkel for Garfunkel's sake (3)
41 Major label or lots of breakers (1,1,1)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 Teardrop Explodes, 10 'Only You', 11 & 13 'Now I'm Here', 12 'Silly Thing', 14 'Stool', 15 '(Time) Ago', 16 'Albatross', 18 Kim (Wilde), 19 Bread, 20 'Cruel (To Be Kind)', 21 Apple, 22 'Let's Go To San (Francisco)', 24 'Go', 27 Steve Biko, 28 'I Like It', 31 'Ego', 32 'Cheri', 33 Vera, 35 Can, 37 '(Cruel) To Be Kind', 38 '(Let's Go To San) Francisco'.

DOWN: 1 'Tropical Gangsters', 2 'All Shook Up', 3 'Daydream Believer', 4 'Opus', 5 Exploited, 6 'Playground Twist', 7 Davies, 8 'Song For Guy', 9 'I Will Follow', 17 'Breathing', 20 'Crack', 23 'Gloria', 25 'Get Over (You)', 26 'Time (Ago)', 29 'If', 30 (Kim) Wilde, 32 Cher, 34 ABC, 35 CBS, 36 '(Get Over) You'.

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SEQUELS THAT NEVER WILL BE MADE

TWILIGHT OF THE IDLES: WHY BARNEY HOSKYNS MUST DIE

Yesterday it was Hedonism, now it's Living on the Edge. Hedonism is a squalid British invention which just says that a good shit is what's left when everything else is debunked. Living on the Edge? Well that's more romantic, and also very macho. Look at Nietzsche: nothing like a war to bring out the tragic hero and the good old 'happiness of the knife' unfettered by conscience or love — such feminine things!

Still, Nietzsche is better than Hedonism any day, and Barney Hoskyns (despite other people 'circumscribing my concept of latent reality). Sounds like you'll love California, Barney! Sounds like you also want to be a star — prostituting your psychosis, or should that be petulance? is better than a nod of approval at The Cure for talking rubbish. But in the end he's just a phoney like Nietzsche, writing about life on the edge (of a typewriter) and faking a superior ability to suffer (everyone knows Nietzsche's madness was a con). And like Elvis Costello says: "For every junkie musician or alcoholic writer who dies in what are twistedly regarded as romantic conditions . . . there's a Mum or Dad or sister somewhere just crying their eyes out all over it all. I mean, they're the ones who've got to bury the sod."

What's wrong with Hoskyns is that he can't find a place for women like Elvis Costello.
ML York.
Who can, for Nietzsche's sake? — MS

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS 2 (ALL NEW!)

It's a good thing Ian Penman is confined to writing half-wit comments at the end of letters — there are enough arrogant, bigoted people like him running the country as it is. It is precisely such offensive, inflammatory comments as "our enemy, Organised Religion" and "we have killed all your Gods" that start the wars such as the one in Beirut he made his immature, ill-judged remarks about.

It's pathetic and pitiful — can't he grow up? He's entitled to his own opinions but he doesn't need to hurt other people such as your Christian readership (yes, it really exists!) in the process.

What's so wrong with "good works" and hoping for a "better world"? We need people like Mother Teresa to counterbalance narrow-minded cynics like him.
Pernille Rudlin, Buckingham.
PS Ian Penman proudly mentions his acquaintance with Nietzsche's works twice on one page. This speaks for itself surely?!
An optimist is someone who beieves that this is the best of all possible worlds. A pessimist is one who knows it is. — Oppenheimer

THE DAY THE EARTH CAUGHT FIRE 2

Let's get a few things straight: God is not Organised Religion; Righteousness is not cruelty; Nietzsche's is the laughter of insanity; Beirut is the tragedy of inhumanity.

I never before believed that *NME* would publish such dangerously crass statements as Penman's. You fall fatally into the trap Nietzsche fell into — by dispensing with God, and organised religion, he himself became God in his new scheme (or anti-scheme) of things — "I am not a man, I am dynamite." His self-appointed uniqueness — of having one foot beyond life — establishes our Friedrich as anti-God; therefore, by reason of his arguments, God.

Quem Deus Vult perdere dementat prius, Penman!
The Anti-Nietzsche (alias T Day, Swansea, Wales).
Non crappus on own doorsteppum, mate! — MS

THE GODS MUST BE CRAZY 2

Disliking all vicars is just as stupid as disliking all people called Ian because one of them happens to have the surname Paisley. I'm very much against 'Organised Religion' (particularly Catholicism, having lived in Italy), but everyone is, or should be, an individual, not part of a conglomerate mass. Nietzsche would be the last person to laugh at Beirut; his feeling for suffering was too great. It was the horror at seeing a horse being beaten that finally made him escape consciousness of such things by becoming insane.

Incidentally, how many gods has Ian Penman killed? Could he be persuaded to turn his talents to something more useful, like mosquitos?
Catherine, Welwyn, Herts.
Ian Penman has slain several 'gods', including Jim Morrison, 'Jim' Hendrix, Keith Moon, Ian Curtis . . . — MS

Re the letter from Christopher Wood *(Gasbag* August 28): I read the *Guardian* and the *NME*. Mind you I don't understand either. But I did think that Tyler's army article was crap.
Bryn Eglwys, Gwynedd.
Interesting approach. — MS

DAS BOOT ZWEI

I congratulate you on the feature article 'Inside Oliver's Army'. It is 100 years since any serious proposal has been made within radical politics for the abolition of the army — it was a regular feature of Chartist platforms. Personally I'd abolish it tomorrow. Given the chance, that is.
Rick Waller, Manchester 14.
Yeah? You and whose army? — MS

I've just read 'Inside Oliver's Army' and I feel compelled to tell you what I thought. I'm 18 and I thought my life was hard living in a bedsit and scraping by and all that heart-bleeding stuff. It was one of those things you read deeply and at the end you take a hard swallow and a big deep breath. It was totally interesting and very frightening at the thought of what really happens. But it was moving as well. It's very hard to move me, too — I've been in this bedsit for three years (joke).

Anyway, *NME* on the whole was a good read and as a new reader I hope I can say the same for the next issue.
Mick Johnson (real name), Wolverhampton.

WAIT TILL THE SUN SHINES NELLIE 2

Some months ago the Unionist fraternity published a book called *Ulster: The Facts* which was sold to raise money for their tour of the US. Shortly after this Sinn Fein (the mouthpiece of the IRA) published their own version of events in *Silent Too Long* from which Andrew Tyler quotes some statistics. His attempt to seriously challenge these figures is, to say the least, lacking in enthusiasm. On top of this the vagueness of the NIO spokesman's reply merely serves to give a degree of credence to what the IRA would have us believe is "the truth".

So just what is 'Inside Oliver's Army' all about? It is an account of Army life in Ulster as portrayed by a communist with Republican views; a soldier who has become disillusioned with the ideals he once believed in. Will the *NME* be making any attempt to seek the middle ground so scarce over here — it isn't all that elusive if you're really looking for it.
The Pilot, Ulster.
Next week: 'Hollywood Sucks — Believe Me' by Vanessa Redgrave. — MS

OH DAD, POOR DAD, MAMA'S HUNG YOU IN THE CLOSET AND I'M FEELING SO SAD 2

I see X Moore has coughed up that corny old bit of rosy-eyed socialist sentiment that great comedy can *only* be born of suffering, depravation and low birth. Ho ho! That's the funniest thing I've heard since . . . ooh, since Eric Idle, John Cleese, Terry Jones, Michael Palin, Graham Chapman, Peter Cook, Tony Hancock, Peter Sellers, Laurel and Hardy, W C Fields, Woody Allen, Neil Simon, Steve Martin . . .
John Hannon, Finsbury Park.

ONLY TWO CAN PLAY 2

In reference to Neil Spencer's John Lydon interview: The "abortive and shambolic" New York PiL date last year took place at the Ritz, not Danceteria as stated. The only times we've seen PiL perform at Danceteria are when Keith plays video games on the third floor.
Ruth Polsky, Danceteria, New York.
Lucky old you! — MS

John Lydon, you're a ghost! Fuck you! And your movies, and your weight loss, your tax computations, and your cynicism. You know nothing! I want Johnny Rotten back! He knew it all!

You dummy, what is this movie shit? And your TV and your phantom band — you could have, Johnny Rotten, you could have started *your own country* a couple of years ago! You're just another 'talented person' now and so you don't deserve space in *NME* to insult your least-liked nationality or champion your fave TV show. I want to be rid of you!

NME: have a heart already, swallow your stiff upper lip and start covering *our* hard core scene here in the good old USA. God bless America, land that I love and The Nihilistics, the most exciting group since The Sex Pistols. You're not helping us out.

I mean, this is . . . what next? Will this John Lydon have a film review column in *NME* in a year or two? He was supposed to change things, or, hell, at least modify them. Not adjust them. I mean, MOVIES! Why?
An Ugly American (Oh! how shameful), Alan $59.95.
Thank you for your letter. It was very interesting. — MS

ROCKY III 2

For all *NME*-reading William Kotzwinkle fans who haven't heard that he has written the novel of Steven Spielberg's film *ET The Extra-Terrestrial,* and greet the news with foreboding, and thoughts of Kotzwinkle selling out/hacking out a quickie for the money etc, fear not.

The novel (and it is a novel in its own right and not just a novelisation) follows the basic film plot reasonably faithfully — I presume so, having read the book and not seen the film — of an alien being stranded on earth, given shelter by a boy etc. But there is a quality in the book that is pure Kotzwinkle; the depth of characterisation, whimsical description, and humorous asides are Kotzwinkle's invention and not from the screen-play. The book is warm, touching, and above all, incredibly funny — in short, a typical Kotzwinkle novel (I know all his books are atypical anyway, but you know what I mean) for which all Kotzwinkle fans can be relieved and grateful.

Anyway, this is one occasion when a novel(isation) of a film should be compulsory reading *before* seeing the film. The book will undoubtedly enhance the viewing.

On the evidence of *ET* Kotzwinkle should be commissioned to write more "novelisations".
John Mottorshead, Gorton, Manchester.
I didn't do it for the money, honest. It was all my own work. — William Kotzwinkle.

Doesn't Kevin Rowland bear more than a passing resemblance to ET? (Albeit a hirsute version.)
The Thing, Antartica.
That's why I'm suing him. — Steven Spielberg (Thinks: who's William Kotzwinkle?)

THREE INTO TWO WON'T GO 2

Isn't it enough that Penman and Morley have made the music sections of your over priced rag almost unreadable without letting either of them loose on *Silver Screen?* The former's pitiful review of *Heatwave* was just the latest dog bag of verbal diarrhoea in their campaign for lower circulation.
J Pritchard, Cheadle, Cheshire.

Mr Monty Smith's obvious aspirations to trendy and hip movie critic circles is being thwarted by his callous dismissal of dear old Claude Chabrol. If Mr Smith does not realise pretty sharpish that Chabrol is still quite hip then he can't really expect to break out of his comfy *NME* cocoon into hip mags like *Time Out* and *Sight And Sound.* The lad has all the good signs: he thought *Body Heat* was *the* film last year, he has a passing respect for *Chariots Of Fire,* a reverence for Hitch, hates exploitation pics and liked *Psycho* first time around. But Chabrol slagging is strictly *Woking And District Evening Chronicle* stuff.

Redeem thyself, Smith, and who knows maybe one day we could see Alexander Walker starring in a remake of *I Was Monty's Double.*
A Viac, Hitchin, Herts.
Alex? Yes, perhaps. Though, truth be told, I had my heart set on Sal Mineo. — MS

THE PERSECUTION AND ASSASSINATION OF JEAN-PAUL MARAT AS PERFORMED BY THE INMATES OF THE ASYLUM OF CHARENTON UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE MARQUIS DE SADE 2

Whilst appreciating *Silver Screen's* endeavours to take films seriously (Richard Cook's reviews, in particular, have been a revelation), I must object to Charles Shaar Murray's lengthy diatribe against *Conan The Barbarian.* In a review that spans the best part of two pages, Murray summarily dimisses the actual film in a couple of sentences; the rest appears to be a comprehensive precis of the plot followed by an inchoate rant against fascism and for feminism, neither of which seem to figure very highly in John Milius' scheme of things.

Of course the women in *Conan* are submissive, Charles; what on earth do you expect from the Hyborean age? I'm afraid Mr Murray's 'film review' tells me far more about the author than it does about Milius' film. Thank Thulsa Doom (or someone) for Chris Bohn's excellent and revealing profile of Milius himself. What a hero! (At least he's still got his sense of humour).
Peter Reiger, Cambridge.
Fear not, Mr Reiger. *In The Can* sets the record straight this very week! — MS

MANITOU 2

Is your 'fetchingly tousled' Amrik Rai man, woman or beastie? Some weeks back Dis Custard alleged that he mentioned 'Cabaret Voltaire' at the merest pretext. But the only Amrik I know is a woman and to compound your confoundedness we call her Micki, 'for short'. Confusing ennit? For what it's worth my theory is that the whole of your rag is ghost-written by a demented ex-hippy, more dead than alive, suffering from dissociative personality disorders and living in the

MONTY SMITH EDITED THE LETTERS

WRITE TO US AT GASBAG, NME, 5-7 CARNABY ST, LONDON W1V 1PG.

wilds of West Hampstead.
Neutered of Nottingham.
I'm afraid you're wrong. As for 'Amrik', surely you've surmised that's nowt but an anagram of 'Mairk'? — MS

The letter concerning Amrik Rai's obsessive name-checking of Cabaret Voltaire coupled with yet another half-page Cabaret Voltaire article brings to mind a question: Is Amrik Rai making more money out of writing about Cabaret Voltaire than Cabaret Voltaire make out of *being* Cabaret Voltaire? Alternatively, Cabaret Voltaire can be congratulated for keeping one more journalist out of the Employment Office. Also, as I've mentioned Cabaret Voltaire seven times in this letter, am I in line for some of the readies?
NME/CV Writers Fan Club, London SE22.
No. It's mine! All mine, I tell you! — 'Mairk'

THE MAGNIFICENT TWO 7

At last, *Gasbag* returns to the important things in life, eg Football. (Music? Pah! only "Our Kev's" Too-Rye-Aye sells fashion a dummy and sticks it through the keeper's legs.)

To commence, as far as Dutch football goes, no chance? We were in Amsterdam last October, and their teams (and supporters) have less backbone than "Wendy" Hoddle, teacher's pet of the southern counties. Which brings us quite nicely to "Keith Burkinshaw's" drivel. If Spurs can claim to be England's second best team, this is more a condemnation of the opposition than a tribute to the nancy boys collective at White Hart Lane. Everyone knows that Bobby "runner up" Robson was, at best, second choice. And everybody up here knows that England can never amount to much while the best players in the Football League are Irish, Scottish, Welsh, Australian and Zimbabwean(?)

As it is, Eire, with Mark Lawrenson and Sir Ronnie Whelan, are much more of a world threat than any of the shiftless southern lap dogs Robson is likely to pick.
Sneering Roger Holland (a non-woolly who isn't quite scal but still takes the Inter-City).
Fair do, lad. — MS

TWO MULES FOR SISTER SARA 2

Paul Morley's pieces over the last few weeks have been excellent.
Richard Head, Leicester.

Is Paul Morley dead?
The Optimist, East Grinstead.
Keep those cards coming in, well-wishers! — MS

9 TO 5 2

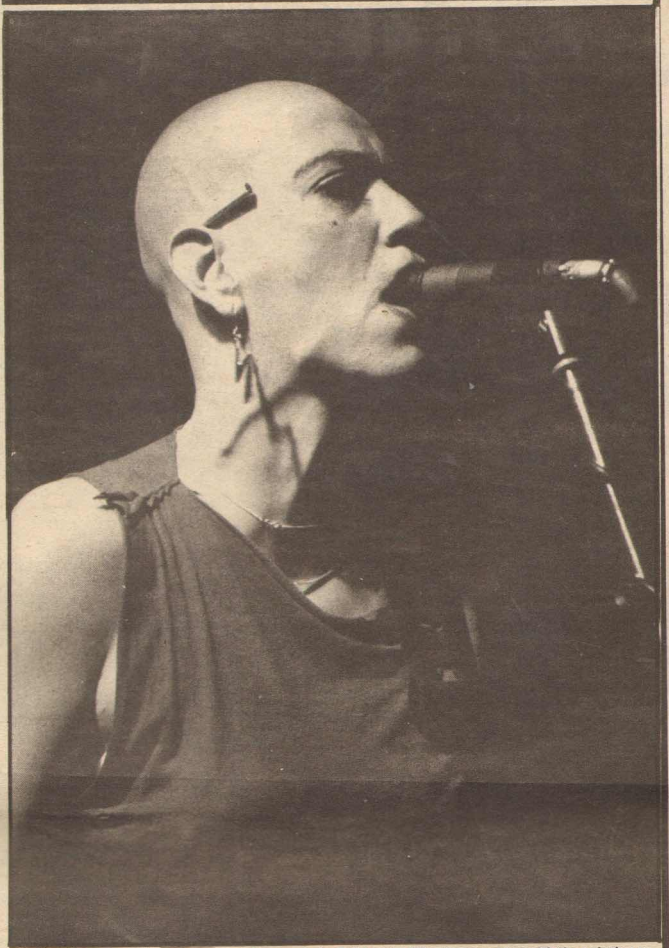
Now that *NME* has taken to printing letters as meaningless as the piece by Mark Spencer of Colchester, I feel my chances of getting my name on your famous letters page have increased tremendously. It now seems possible to do this without even making any relevant point in particular or, indeed, even a point at all.
Ian Dealhoy, Reigate, Surrey.

ONE, TWO, THREE 2

Do you realise that 52 five pences equal £2.60? That is five pints of best bitter. Do you really think your mag is worth the money?
Alcoholic maths teacher, Cardiff.
Yes. — MS

Don't worry about the price going up, you're still the best music paper going, and you would be still at ten times the price. Keep up the good work.
Liz, Glasgow.
Thank God for that, because you won't believe this but next week we go up to £3.50. Still, cheaper than a bottle of aspirin, isn't it? — MS
Actually, no. — Outraged chemist

T-ZERS



At long last, the definitive non-sexist haircut. Au Pair Lesley Woods comes up with the solution to a problem that's exercised the leading minds (or at least those with nothing better to think about) of a generation, as evidenced by this shot from the group's recent show in Arnhem, Holland. Next week: the latest line in ideologically-sound wigs, for that special emergency. . . Pic: Smile Productions.

BANK HOLIDAYS, doncha just loathe 'em? The various sundry individual *T-zers* that ply their trade to and from our locker rooms in Carnaby Street have all deserted for the weekend, leaving yours truly — that's me, **Johnny T-zer**, alone at the helm of T-zers Central, opening the mail, manning the switchboard, and brushing out the cupboard where the stale rumours are kept.

You wouldn't believe the rubbish people leave around, I just found a particularly nasty item about **Rod Stewart** that must have been there for years, and which frankly was beginning to smell. Anyway, while **Kim, Gary, Janice, Ahmed** and the rest of the crew are off enjoying themselves your buddy Johnny gets left with the dusty press clippings and a TV full of corny old 'rock' movies . . .

Roll on November and Channel 4 says Johnny T-zer. Can anything, anything be worse than *Boston In Concert?* Well, you can bet **Mike Appelton's** satin bomber jacket against a **Little River Band** concert clip that 4's *Gastank* will be giving it a close run in the graveyard stakes. The pilot show, in fact, consists entirely of dead people. **Rick Wakeman** has been unfrozen for the occasion and will 'present' **Steve Harley, The Strawbs** *(The Strawbs!)* and a 'lengthy' interview with the fascinating **John Entwistle**. The programme will go out with sub-titles for the hard of hearing . . .

Lanky Scottish bore **BA Robertson** meantime got his come-uppance when he tried some Radio One style nudge nudge banter with **Annabella Bow Wow** on his so-called 'Show', only to have the singer stomp off in a flurry of expletives deleted. Mr Robertson is 82 . . .

Still, who cares about ITV2 — *The Sunday Times* revealed this week that Reichsminister **Thatcher** is about to give the thumbs up to 30 channel cable television, which should be in operation "before the next election in mid 1984," this presumably indicating that **Saatchi & Saatchi** will be the first to get a licence . . .

Hold on, the phone's ringing. It's a Notting Hill Carnival *T-zer*, saying that it's cool cool runnings (**Sebastian Coe** on a cold night?), and that **Lip, Lig & Chronic** have just stolen the Sunday show, and **Primitive Society's** first ever gig was, uh, interesting . . .

Star sound system of the Carnival is Lewisham's funk and lovers cooler **TWJ**, who operate under the flyover on Ladbroke Grove and act as a magnet to the most joyous of the attendees. **Jah Shaka** is reported running a session down there on Monday, but our *T-zer* on the spot never sights the man . . .

Nietzsche leave those kids alone: *T-zers* notes with interest that **Prince Charles** names **Carl** 'Forever' **Jung** as his philosophical mainman in an angsty interview with the *Washington Post*. "One simply tries to do one's best," said Charles. "I mean, it's not easy being me. Like, it took four years to even get to see **Madness**, when I would have liked to have caught them down the Electric Ballroom in the old days . . ."

Could **Pete Townshend's** current disenchantment with "macho attitudes", in the press and elsewhere, be behind **The Who's** bizarre demand that all reviewers attending the band's Birmingham bash be of the female sex? Or, given that **Keith Altham's** organising a press-coach up there, is there some less-exalted motive? We really *should* be told . . .

"THE REAL shock of the week was the **Tight Fit** split sensation, as sultry brunette **Denise Gyngell** and sexy blonde **Julie Harris** were unceremoniously booted out the trio the moment they raised the subject of a pay rise. "They've left the group to pursue their own careers," said a TF spokesperson. "We were treated like puppets, we were payed peanuts," said the departing duo as their replacements — sultry brunette **Carol Stevens** and sexy blonde **Vicki Pemberton** walked into the dressing room and looked for somewhere to dump their bags . . .

King Rat **Bob Geldof** is pregnant, or rather **Paula Yates** is. The 22 year old heiress to the Yates' Wine Lodge Fortune is expecting the scurry of little pairs early in the new year. Said daddy-to-be Bob: "She is starting work on a Channel 4 pop show next month and we will have to work out how this will affect her . . ."

Well known travelling cocaine salesman and walrus impersonator **David Crosby** finally confirmed what everyone already knew last week: "I've been stoned for every bit of music I've ever played," he told the world. "It's true," said Crosby's 78 year old mother, "David started sprinkling amphetamine salts over his Frosties right about the time we gave him his first **Roy Rogers** ukulele. Always was a strange boy. Well, any nine year old boy with a walrus moustache has to be a little strange don't you think?" Mr Crosby headlines a 'From Beyond The Grave' in-concert *Old Grey Whistle Test special* this autumn . . .

Iggy Pop's written his autobiography. Entitled *I Need More*, the work covers several sides of exercise book paper in wax crayon. More what, we're not sure exactly . . .

But to the incestuous world of London niteclubs. **X. Moore's** favourite watering hole The Barracuda is to close following a take-over by Arab interests. "To my mind this is a disgrace," snarled a sickened Moore. "The government should be helping to keep open niteclubs instead of letting a bunch of dodgy sheiks buy us out. This will mean hundreds more young people have nowhere to sleep and the nights are getting a bit parky now, like . . ."

Latest option for capital club goers is Grace Under Pressure at Maunkberry's on Thursday night; master of ceremonies **Dennis Morris** wants the club to be for "people talking and exchanging ideas" as well as the usual prancing, dancing and posing . . .

Bananananarama filmed a commercial for Honda Motorcycles on their recent visit to Los Angeles . . .

Meantime General **Jerry** 'frankly I don't give a' **Dammers** is still wrestling with the final touches on his over-schedule **Special AKA** album for Chrysalis . . .

Forbes 400, a posh review of the world's most loaded individuals, estimates **Yoko Ono** to be among the richest women in the world with a bank balance of some 88 million pounds . . .

Does anyone out there care? Fat wallets **Spandau Ballet** turned out for a charity football match kitted out in **Motorhead** t-shirts . . .

Super beard and beat poet **Allen** 'This'll make you Howl' **Ginsberg** is finally to release a two record set of music and poetry entitled 'First Blues'. The disc has been ten years in the can *(On the can? — Ed)* and features someone called **Bob Dylan.** Meanwhile poetry's answer to **Giant Haystack** is about to cut two more tracks with **The Clash** . . .

And the collapses keep on coming. Latest collapsee is **Dolly Parton,** rushed to hospital after severe internal bleeding . . . Big ham **Teddy** 'snake in the' **Pendergrass** is meanwhile back in the studio in a wheelchair following his near fatal car crash . . .

Following on from *T-zers* revelation that **Paul Gadd,** alias sibling of circus star **Gary Glitter,** is to wed "supergroupie" **Cathy Ross** comes the news that the 18 year old has recorded a version of his dad's 'Rock And Roll' for release on Charly next month, trading under the **Bollock Brothers** name. "Nothing to do with me, honest," said **Jock McDonald** . . .

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